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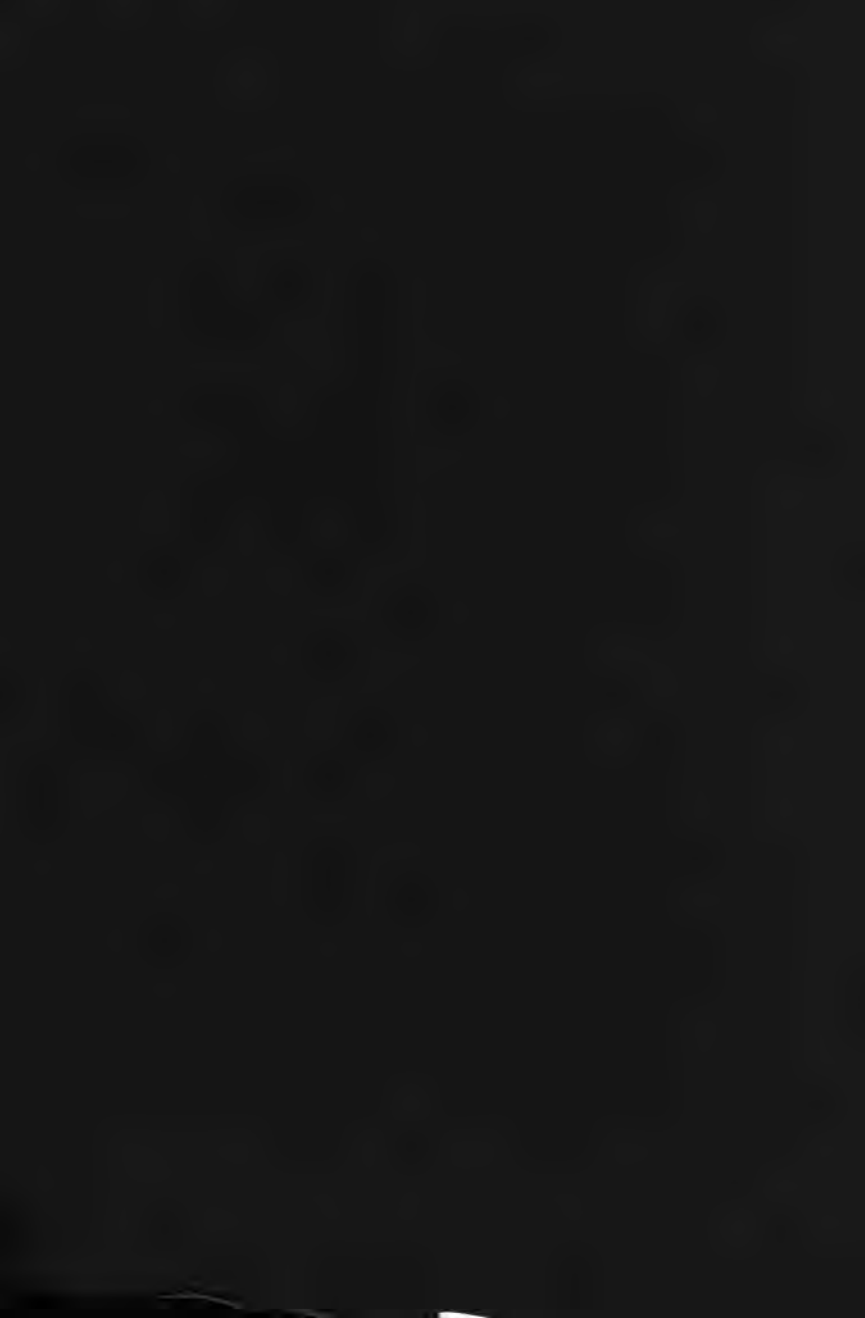
Don't know

Lucania

Notes on the History and
Geography of the
Province of Lucania
by

WILLIAM

WILLIAM



LUCANIA

Topographical, Biographical, Historical

MURDERS OF FATHER MCCARTHY, CURATE OF LUCAN,
OF DR. ALLEN, ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN,
AND OF LUTTRELL

THE SARSFIELDS, OWEN ROE O'NEILL, CARDINAL
RINUCCINI, ARCHBISHOP LYNCH,
SILKEN THOMAS, &c.

BY

REV. WILLIAM S. DONEGAN, C.C.

DUBLIN

BROWNE & NOLAN, LIMITED, 24 & 25, NASSAU-STREET

1902

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(Lucan)

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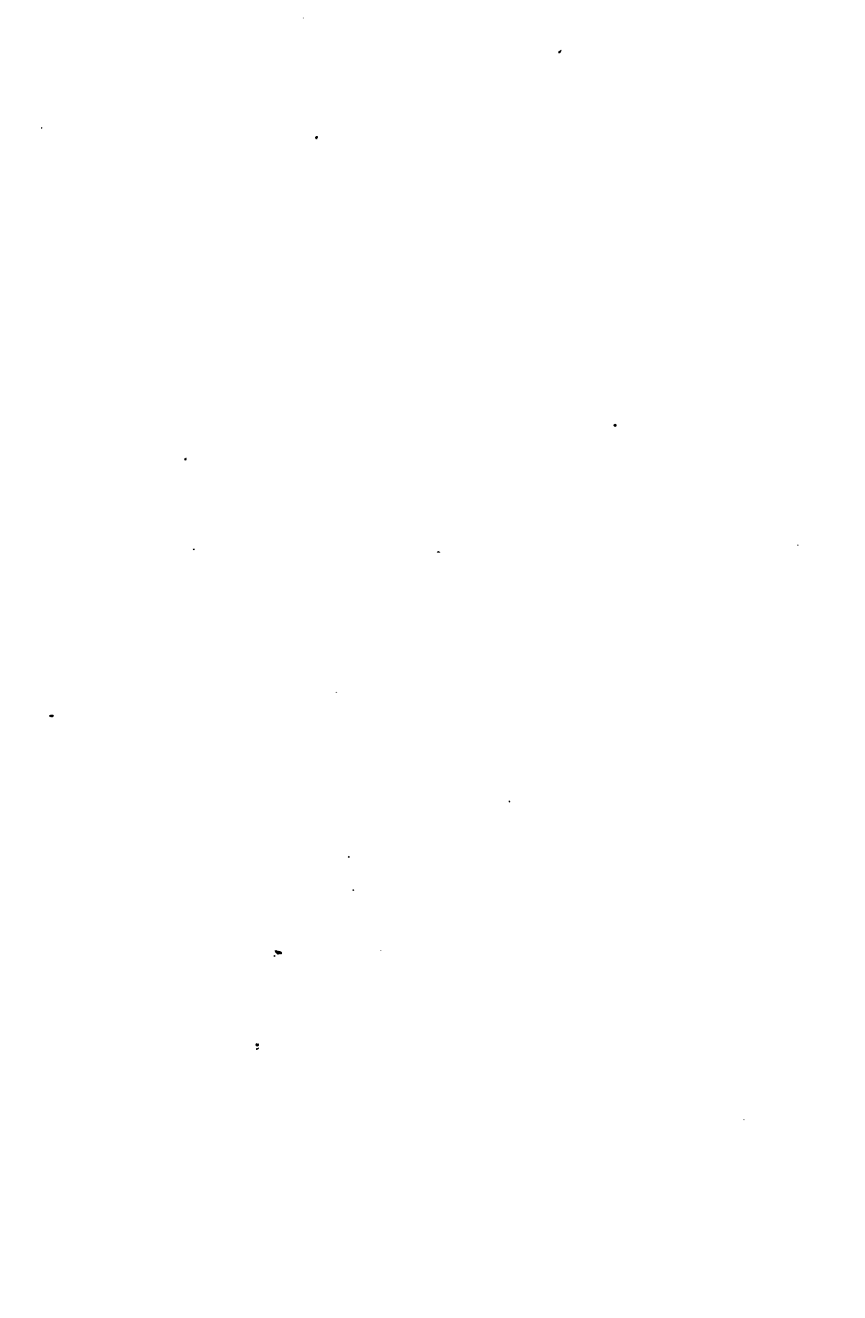
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DEDICATION.

**TO THE WORKING MEN AND WORKING WOMEN
OF LUCAN
THIS BOOKLET OF ASSOCIATIONS
AND OF MEMORIES
SO DEAR TO THEM,
IS, AS A TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION AND ESTEEM,
MOST HUMBLY DEDICATED.**

Baker & Brooks 5 June 1946



PREFACE

IN compliance with the expressed wishes of many of the Lucan people, and of Visitors, the "Lucania" sees the light. Like the Liner "Lucania" this booklet is now launched on

NOTE.

For any miracles recorded in these pages, and not approved by the Church, no other belief is claimed than what is ordinarily given to history, resting on human authority; and the appellation of Saint or Blessed, given to any persons *not canonized* or *beatified* by the Church, is understood according to the usage and opinion of the authorities, which have recorded their names or actions.

W. S. DONEGAN,

ST. MARY'S, LUCAN.

ST. MARY'S, LUCAN,

1902.

PREFACE

IN compliance with the expressed wishes of many of the Lucan people, and of Visitors, the "Lucania" sees the light. Like the Liner "Lucania" this booklet is now launched on the waters of the reading world. Many an exile of Lucan, many a lover of Sarsfield and of Sarsfield's birthplace, will, it is hoped, give it a "cead mile failte," and give its speed of circulation, like its naval namesake, a record.

The author, with confidence, unreservedly commits it to the guardianship of the kind, generous, and uncritical. As it has not yet seen the censor's sharp knife, before its publication, may the favourable gale of a kind public opinion steer it into the haven of success.

ST. MARY'S, LUCAN,

1902.

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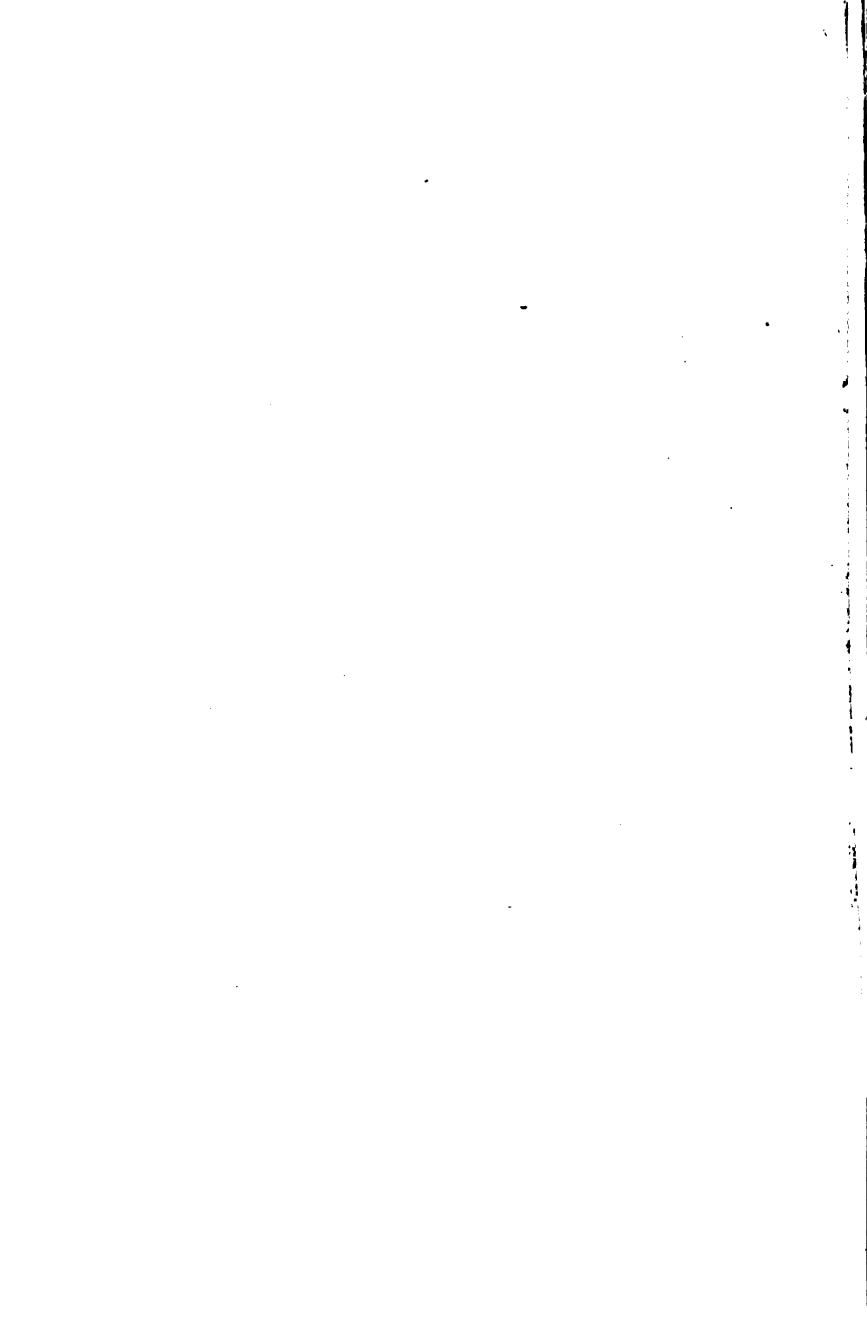
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**ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS**

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
I. Clondalkin Parish	1
II. Lucan Parochial District	7
III. Lucan a Sanatorium	15
IV. Murder of Father McCarthy	19
V. Palmerstown	28
VI. Esker	32
VII. Archbishop Lynch	38
VIII. The Sarsfields	46
IX. Vindication of Patrick Sarsfield	58
X. Saint Catherine's, Owen Roe O'Neill, and Cardinal Rinuccini	62
XI. Leixlip and St. Catherine's. Silken Thomas	71
XII. Murder of Dr. Allen, Archbishop of Dublin, and its Sequel	74
XIII. St. Catherine's Well. Suppression of Holy Wells	82
XIV. Confey	84
XV. Luttrellstown	85
XVI. Donoughmore House. The Stewart Insti- tution for Imbeciles	90
XVII. Visits of the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Arch- bishop of Dublin, to Lucan	91



LUCAN

I.—CLONDALKIN PARISH.

IN the County Dublin there is not a fairer spot than Lucan and its surroundings.

Here nature does a house for me erect,—
Nature ! the fairest architect.

Its village, nestled in the union of the tiny River Griffin and the River Liffey whose crystal waters glisten with rarest charms, and bear the lordly salmon as they sport on its bosom, is Auburn-like, "loveliest"—not of the plain, but of the beautiful valley. There, too, are

The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighbouring hill.

The electric trams plying merrily to and from Dublin—the termini of the Great Southern and Western, and of the Great Midland Railway, bring it within easy communication with the Metropolis and any part of Ireland. Its charming hotel, its Sulphur springs, its famous Irish Woollen Factory

B

belonging to Mr. Hill, its long-established Flour Mills, owned by the Messrs. Shackleton, give to it an importance with which many villages are not invested. But last, and not least, the historical and religious character of the Parish, of which it is a district, elevates it to a position of no common interest. It is a portion of the Catholic Parish of Clondalkin.

Cluain-Dolchan Abbey, about four miles from Dublin, dates back for its foundation to the fourth century. Its founder and first Abbot was St. Mochua. To this Saint, whose feast is on the 6th of August, the parish was dedicated. It was an episcopal see. The successor of St. Mochua was St. Aelbran.

In the "Annals of the Four Masters" we find it became the nursery of saints and bishops. In 777 St. Fecherdius was Abbot. St. Fergulius was the first bishop of Clondalkin. He died on the 10th March, 783. The other bishops were Tripardius, in 828; Cathaldius, 859; Pronanus, 885; Mallemanus, 920; and Dubientrechis, who died in 938.

To St. Mochua were dedicated the Churches of Clonsilagh and Celbridge, then called Kildrochal; also those of Killernain and Killmochua. From the Abbey of Clondalkin came forth the

Mitred Abbots—from its hallowed soil, sanctified by the footprints of the saints of the early Church, rose church and altar, the smoke of blessed incense, the trained voices of the earliest clerics of the infant Church of Ireland.

How beautiful your presence, how benign,
 Servants of God ! who not a thought will share
 With the vain world ; who outwardly, as bare
 As winter trees, yield no fallacious sign
 That the firm soul is clothed with fruit divine.
 Such priest, when service worthy of his care
 Has called him forth to breathe the common air,
 Might seem a saintly image from its shrine
 Descended ; happy are the eyes that meet
 The apparition ; evil thoughts are stayed
 At his approach, and low-bowed necks entreat
 A benediction from his voice or hand ;
 Whence grace, through which the heart can understand
 And vows that bend the will, in silence made.

Is not this the crowning glory of the Parish of Clondalkin. Its pure and holy faith glowing with undimished and uninterrupted light, through all the centuries from the first bright ray that glimmered in the fourth—the era itself of our National Apostle, to the twentieth, giving to the Church its cannonized saints, its mitred abbots, its bishops from its Apostolic Founder, St. Mochua, to the saintly Dr. Lynch, a resident of Lucan and first Archbishop of Toronto. Its noble temple in Clondalkin ; its plain humble parochial church in Lucan—

a very shrine of enthusiastic and solid devotion ; its two convents of the illustrious Presentation Order, in which ladies who, in the spirit of true sacrifice having left all for the reward that is a hundred-fold, consecrated their virginity to God, and, immolated on the altar of charity, are daily and hourly offering up their lives in the cause of education and piety ; its flourishing schools, the widely acknowledged devotion of its parishioners to God and Mary the Mother of God, all, all characterise it as "holy ground," the witness to the faith—a treasure of the Church, a pride and glory of our native land.

Pope Alexander, as it is recorded in the "Crede Mihi," now preserved in Christ Church, attached Clondalkin with all its benefices to the Metropolitan See of Dublin, making the Churches of Rathcoole and Esker subservient to it.

Here, too, the last struggle for Irish Independence took place. But in vain. The Angel of Discord the "Plague of Ireland" drove back from Clondalkin into their provinces—more speedily than the well-arrayed forces of Milo de Cogan, Dermot MacMurrough, Raymund le Gros, and Strongbow—the flower of the Irish

army under Roderic O'Connor, O'Rourke, and O'Carroll. That army, had unity prevailed, would have easily swept the invaders into the Liffey, and have emblazoned, for all time, Clondalkin, in one flood of never-fading glory.

To one standing on elevated ground the view of Lucan is panoramic. The Wicklow and Dublin Mountains form a glorious and majestic background in the distance. The enhancing view of the River Liffey, reflecting the "best charms of Nature," as now in holiday attire, its well wooded slopes on the one side, on the other the beds prolific with the rich beautiful strawberry, its noble bridge spanned by its beautiful elliptical arch, which springs like a magic bow one hundred and ten feet six inches from its glossy bosom, it embraces in its gentle arms a veritable paradise. The sweet choristers of the air, the solemn tones of the church bells, the loud sounding horn of the factory, rousing the weaver from his calm sleep to the busy loom, the pleasure-seekers, with song and laugh and instrumental music, revelling in this lap of Nature, give to Lucan a distinct and local splendour.

Could beauty ever guard her,
 And virtue still reward her,
 No foe would cross her border—
 No friend within it pine !
 Oh, she's a fresh and fair land,
 O ! she's a true and rare land,
 Yes, she's a rare and fair land,
 This native land of mine.

—THOMAS DAVIS.

According to the last census the population of Lucan is :—

1901. POLICE DISTRICT.

Townland.	Population.	Townland.	Population.
Adamstown	- - 8	Finnstown	- - 81
Allenswood	- - 16	Glebe	- - 17
Aderrig	- - 6	Gollierstown	- - 33
Astagob North	- - 196	Grange	- - 42
Astagob South	- - 65	Hazelhatch	- - 58
Barberstown	- - 53	Hermitage	- - 2
Balgaddy	- - 85	Kellystown	- - 104
Ballyowen	- - 52	Kishogue	- - 26
Ballydowd	- - 156	Laracon	- - 34
Backstown	- - 14	Lucan	- - 652
Ballymakilly	- - 29	Lucan Pettycannon	- 164
Buckweston Park	- 40	Lucan Demesne	- 32
Backereston	- - 6	Milltown	- - 64
Broomfield	- - 18	Mullouns	- - 6
Barnhill	- - 31	Pass-if-you-can	- 3
Brownstown	- - 2	Peamount	- - 8
Coldblow	- - 51	St. Catherine's Park	- 38
Cooldrinagh	- - 17	St. Edmondsbury	- 55
Cooldrinagh	- - 169	Tubbermacug	- - 15
Doddsborough	- - 46	Woodlands	- - 61
Esker North	- - 12	Woodville	- - 22
Esker South	- - 98	Westmanstown	- - 78

N.B.—There are some slight differences between this, which is the police, and the parochial district, both as to extent and population.

II.—LUCAN PAROCHIAL DISTRICT.

The Parochial District of Lucan is bounded on the North by Coldblow and Pass-if-you-can on the frontiers of the County Meath ; on the South by the Bush of Balgaddy and Ballyowen ; on the East by the Devil's Mills and the Low Road ; on the West by St. Catherine's and the Salmon Leap. Its principal divisions are—

1. The Village of Leixlip. 2. Ballydowd, 3. Esker. 4. Westmanstown. 5. St. Catherine's. 6. Adamstown. 7. Brownestown, Milltown, and Castle Bagot. 8. Balgaddy and Ballyowen.

The Parochial Church, the Presbytery the Boys' National School, and the Convent Schools are all near one another ; also the old Graveyard, now closed by order of the Local Government Board, each building being set apart by well-defined and spacious boundaries. The Convent which was built by the late Very Reverend John Moore, through the munificence of Captain Colthurst, on his reception into the Catholic Church, is occupied by the Sisters of the Presentation Order. Its first members migrated from the Parent Convent, Clondalkin. The number of the community at present is eighteen. The Sisters also conduct a high school called St. Anne's

Academy, as well as the Convent National Schools, which about three hundred attend. About seventy boys attend the Male National School. The new Convent Schools were recently erected by the present Parish Priest, the Very Reverend James Baxter, at a cost of £2,000. They are splendidly equipped up-to-date buildings—after the design of the celebrated Architect, Mr. O'Callaghan, M.R.I.A.—and were built by our eminent local Contractor, Mr. John Cromer, to whose reputation for ability, taste, and technical skill, they are a lasting evidence. There are three Churches and one National School of other religious denominations.

There is a mural tablet on the wall of St. Edmondsbury in memory of a Lucan priest who, in the year 1807, was murdered at that very spot. The inscription runs thus :—

I.H.S.

Here

Prematurely fell by lawless violence

The Revd. James MacCarten

On the 3rd of June, 1807.

Talents—

Rich, refined, and splendid
inate Benevolence,

and peculiar Urbanity of mind,
distinguished through life

this zealous Minister of the Catholic Faith
and generous Friend of Humanity.

The old chapels were on the present site of the present Petty Sessions Court, and of the school teacher's residence. The Court has all the appearance, in its interior, of the humble temple, which is materially preserved. The irreligious proceedings which accompanied its desecration are still fresh in the memory of the oldest inhabitants of Lucan.

It is sad to think that while a building of this kind, prostituted from its sacred character to the services of the State, such magnificent ruins as those of Esker, dating so far back as the year 1100 are allowed to decay. It is earnestly hoped that the Board of Works will save them from their impending fate, and solidly reconstruct the ivy-mantled gable and walls, that they may remain to speak perennially to future generations the story of their hallowed memories of the past.

In the shady woods of St. Catherine's we find the lathrœa squamaria, or greater toothwort, springing from the decayed leaves of hazel trees.

There is also a curious plant growing here which in Sweden is given, when dried, to cattle suffering from cough. With a perfume, like that of the primrose, it blooms in June and

July. It is commonly called the yellow bird's nest, *monotropa hypopitys*.

Looking across the well-wooded plains of the three Counties, Dublin, Wicklow, and Kildare, the Dublin and Wicklow Mountains, gracefully and majestically now in all their sunlit splendour, now covered with the winter's snow, diversifying the scene, Lucan holds a unique place for beauty and health in the County Dublin.

In the Lucan quarries there is a great amount of calp which may be seen in the most fantastical forms, and also lapides stalactites. The red valerian trimming the old walls—the common caraway, the common spleenwort, and the common maidenhair are wild, but lovely, flowers, which are often displayed in buttonholes, or carried in bouquets, by little children, innocent and lovely as themselves, while going to school, to place them on some altars, or at the foot of some statue of Mary, before which they daily pray.

Lucan is a thrifty village. Independent of agricultural labour, there are weekly expended more than One Thousand Pounds derived from industrial establishments.

There is a large and prosperous industry on

the grounds of Mr. Nash, of Finnstown, for Lucan Mineral Waters. Mr. Nash is the proprietor also of the Lucan Dairies, branches of which are extensively working in the city and suburbs of Dublin and in provincial towns.

Mr. Richard Shackleton's demesne possesses a magnificent rath. In the centre of its large semi-circular mound there is a cave connecting six or seven circular vaults. When in the possession of Captain Gandon there were found buried beneath a piece of bone curiously carved, an ancient spur, and some copper, bronze, and stone war weapons. In many of the other larger raths there have been discovered several narrow galleries connecting large square, and sometimes round, chambers, solidly and compactly built. They were, it is surmised, used as hiding places for fugitives, or for the storing of ammunition and provisions in time of war.

The Church of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Lucan deserves some notice. Under this singular title it was granted in 1220 by Warresius de Peche to the priory of St. Catherine's. It existed not only in his time, but long before it. The title clearly proves that Lucan, in remote ages, was under the

patronage and protection of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The title of the present parochial church is "St. Mary's of the Nativity," that is to say, it is dedicated to the Birth of the Blessed Virgin Mary the Mother of God. Now while archæologists are, by their explorations, throwing a flood of light, clearing away the mists of the past, in the East and the West, all the world over, the simplest mind, if unprejudiced, must admit the devotion of the ancient Irish to the Mother of God. For this Ireland is called the "Mary of the Nations."

Eugene O'Curry speaking of the Ancient Litany of the Blessed Virgin Mary with its fifty-nine invocations, describes it as "beautiful," and that "it is not a translation." "I believe it," he says, "to be as old, at least, as the middle of the eighth century." It begins with "O Great Mary! O Mary Greatest of all Marys! O Greatest of Women; O Queen of the Angels!"

But that great national relic, the Domnach Airgid, now preserved in the Royal Irish Academy, is another proof of this ancient national devotion. This great treasure was purchased by Lord Rossmore for £300 from Mr. George Smith, who procured it in Cavan.

Eugene O'Curry and Dr. Petrie unequivocally declare that it is the identical reliquary given by St. Patrick to St. MacCarthainn. The Gospel manuscript, O'Curry thinks, is the oldest copy of the Sacred Word now existing. The figures of the Reliquary are thus described by Petrie :—" At the head of the Saviour there is a representation of the dove or Holy Ghost enamelled in gold ; and over this a small square reliquary covered with a crystal, and which probably contains a supposed piece of the true Cross. Immediately over this is a shield, on which the implements of the Passion are emblazoned in blue and red paste ; and above this there is another square reliquary, similarly covered with crystal, but of smaller size. The smaller figures in relief are in the first compartment, the Irish saints Columb, Brigid, and Patrick ; in the second the Apostles James, Peter, and Paul ; in the third the Archangel Michael and *the Virgin and Child* ; and in the fourth a bishop presenting a *cumnach* or cover to an ecclesiastic."

The representation of the Virgin and Child proclaims more eloquently than all arguments that even in St. Patrick's time the Irish cherished most lovingly, devotion to the Blessed

Virgin and to her Child, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Note from Marsh's Library in the year 1697 :

Parishes of Tallaght and Clondalkin.

Thady Kelly, Parish Priest of Tallaght, living in Ofar House.

Oliver Doyle, Parish Priest of Clondalkin, living at Esker.

Oliver Doyle, Priest of Lucan and Esker, living at Esker.

Dominick M'Ban Fryer, living generally with Mrs. Nottingham, at Lucan, sometimes at Major Allen's of St. Woolstan's.

In a note to the "Diocese of Dublin in the year 1697," published in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* of June, 1888, by the Most Reverend Dr. Donnelly, Bishop of Canea, we read :—

"In the Parish Church of Skerries there is still in use a Chalice of this, or earlier date, presented by a Mrs. Nottingham."

In the Decree of the Most Rev. Dr. Russell, constituting the Chapter of the Diocese of Dublin in 1688, the name of Oliver Doyle, Pr. de Kilmactalway (P.P. Lucan) among those who were assigned the left part of the Choir of Canons. In the Charter of St. Laurence O'Toole, 24th May, 1178 or 1179, we read that among the possessions of the Cathedral are "the fishery and tithes of salmon and other fish on both sides of the Anilyffy."

III.—LUCAN, A SANATORIUM.

One of the chief attractions of Lucan is its "Spa." The Old Spa is right opposite the Catholic Church. In the last century it was famous. Though the Well is there in all its primal purity, it has been abandoned for the more fashionable and modern spring near the New Hotel. The Hotel, fitted with all the up-to-date appointments, is the "beau ideal" of a health resort. The old Hotel is now a restaurant. It was formerly a boarding school for the sons of Protestant clergymen, and was then instinctively transformed into a lunatic asylum. The new Hydropathic establishment and Hotel is pretty and imposing. It was designed by Mr. W. M. Mitchell, R.H.A. One of the first, if not the first, to conceive the idea of a new Hydropathic, was the late Mr. James Nelson, of Cooldrinagh. He was the largest shareholder, and, for a time, the Director of the Company. It has comfortable baths, and a large spacious ground in which golf, tennis, and other games are constantly

played by the visitors and their friends. But the sulphurous spring is its great attraction. The spring contains sulphur in the form of sulphuretted oxygen gas. For a long period prior to the construction of the new hotel, that eminent specialist, Dr. G. L. B. Stoney, of Lucan, worked most zealously in keeping before the minds of the public the chemical composition and analysis of the water and its therapeutic value. But for his unflagging exertions the spring now used might have died the death of the old one that rests "unwept, unhonoured, and unsung." The spring was discovered in 1758. Another well, nearly seven feet long, two feet broad, and fifteen inches deep. Dr. Rutty said that in his time it contained eighty-two gallons, and when emptied fills itself again in an hour.

The alterative action of the waters has been wonderfully beneficial to many invalids whose maladies resisted the most skilful medical treatment.

Some of the most eminent gentlemen in the medical profession have committed themselves, after an exhaustive examination and analysis of the waters, to pronouncements of a highly favourable and commendatory character.

The late Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick, in his biography of the great J. K. L., Dr. Doyle, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, published the following, written in one of his letters in 1835 :—"If you do not visit Harrogate go to Lucan ; the Spa there is also sulphurous, but Johnstown is a chalybeate, like Cheltenham or Leamington, the town and country about abominable, whilst Lucan is very agreeable. If the Irish people would give more patronage to home institutions they would be truer patriots, wiser economists, and would not die so soon."

We cannot close without referring to one who is now no more, but who spent some of his last days in the Lucan he loved so well. The Most Reverend Dr. Duggan, the Venerable Bishop of Clonfert, in the closing years of his life made Lucan his home. He used facetiously call himself the "Bishop of Lucan." Most saintly, gentle, kind, and generous to the poor, he was a delightful conversationalist, and by his winning manner, his venerable and dignified bearing, his profound learning, and, above all by his most fervent piety, he endeared himself to all who knew him, and will be for all time remembered by the people of Lucan.

Shortly before his death he was in the writer's room. He was gazing on a painting of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, "Do you know," said the Bishop, "there are three wishes which I hope will be yet realized. The first is that I will die on the Feast of the Assumption ; the second is that I will die in a Dublin hospital ; the third is that I will be buried in Glasnevin near the grave of Cardinal M'Cabe." In the City of Dublin, just having made his will, he was struck with apoplexy—carried to Jervis-street Hospital on the Eve of the Feast of the Assumption—on the Feast-day, the 15th August, he died, and his venerated body was laid in a grave quite close to the resting place of Cardinal M'Cabe in Glasnevin Cemetery.

By an Act of 1771 Mr. Vesey having agreed that the road from the new bridge over the Liffey should be carried without any expense to the County through his estate, in a certain line whereby said road would be considerably shortened, it was enacted that as soon as the said new road should be finished, it should be lawful for Mr. Vesey to stop and enclose that part of the old road which is to the west of the River Griffen.

At the time of the Union there were in Lucan eight wheels for iron work, one grist mill, one corn mill, and one paper mill.

IV.—MURDER OF FR. M'CARTHY (MACCARTNEY?) TRIAL OF THE MURDERERS.

It will be interesting to record from a contemporary paper all that can be gleaned regarding the tragic event.

In the issue of that paper of 11th June, 1807, we read:—"Too much praise cannot be given to that very active magistrate Captain Wilcock, to whose great exertions on many former, as well as the present occasion, the public feel themselves much indebted. We are happy to state to our readers that, through his increasing vigilance in pursuit of the desperate gang of villains, who have for some time infested the outlets of Dublin, and kept its vicinity in a constant state of alarm, by their heretofore too successful depredations, and a part of which gang perpetrated that most wanton murder on the night of the 3rd (?) inst., on the ever to be regretted Father M'Carthy, Parish Priest of Lucan, whose

memory will ever exist in the memory of all who had the honour of his acquaintance, are now safely lodged in gaol."

Tuesday, June 16 :—

"A great variety of statements having been made respecting the melancholy fate of Mr. M'Carthy, we think it necessary to lay before our readers the following, which we have good reason to suppose is grounded on fact. On Wednesday, the 3rd inst., the unfortunate gentleman dined with the Steward of Lord Donoughmore (Palmerstown, now the Stewart Institution), having held for a few days previously a Station in that neighbourhood. While returning homeward about ten o'clock, he was fired upon by a gang of ruffians, six in number, who had no knowledge whatever of his person or his profession ; he fell, it is imagined, almost instantly lifeless ; his pockets were then robbed of his watch, etc. Mr. Lynch, Junior, of Lucan, who accompanied him from Lord Donoughmore's, had been thrown from his horse before the gang of robbers had made their appearance, and the injury which he has received is solely attributable to the effects thereof."

Freeman's Journal, 27th June, 1807 :—

COMMISSION INTELLIGENCE.

MURDER OF MR. M'CARTHY.

“ Thomas Weir and Christopher Walsh were indicted for the murder of the Rev. Mr. M'Carthy near Lucan, on the 2nd of the current month, for that, they, instigated by the devil, etc., did murder the said Mr. M'Carthy, by lodging the contents of a pistol under his left breast, of the wound whereof he died. There was another count charging the prisoners with robbing the said Mr. M'Carthy of a silver watch, and (2) ten shillings in cash. To both these counts the prisoners pleaded not guilty.

“ The prisoners being asked had they any agents, Walsh answered he had no attorney but God Almighty.

“ James Clarke, keeper of the turnpike near Lucan, knew the deceased, saw him dead on the 3rd June, saw him about the hour of eleven o'clock that night, he was lying on his back, with his right hand extended, nearly at the top of the hill of Lucan, he received a gunshot wound under his right breast, which bled profusely, had no other material injury upon his person that he could see, except a bruise under

the left eye. Witness was one of those who joined in the pursuit.

“James Rooney, a surgeon, examined the body of the deceased, was of opinion that he died of the wound which he had received under his breast. Here Mr. Rooney described the wound in the professional way, and concluded by declaring that it was in consequence of that wound he had died.

“Mr. Lynch had seen the deceased that day about three o'clock, was in his company the greater part of the afternoon, dined with him at Palmerstown, left that together with the prisoner (?) and continued in his company till nearly a quarter of ten of the night of the murder—parted him near Lucan—never saw him afterwards.

“John Murphy, the King's evidence, knows the two prisoners, both of whom he identified, calling them Mr. Walsh and Mr. Weir, which title he continued to bestow on them while his testimony was going on; remembers the 3rd June, saw the prisoner Weir with Donoghue, MacMahon, and Larkin.

“Donoghue told him he should go to the house of one MacKeon, a relative of his whom he hoped to induce them to accompany them.

A meeting was appointed that evening in Thomas-street, in which, accordingly Weir and Walsh, the two prisoners, the witness and Donoghue, Larkin and Fletcher, attended (the latter are not apprehended). It was then planned that the prisoners, together with witness, and the three last mentioned of the gang, should go to the house of one Kenny, near Lucan, and rob it of £180, of which they understood Kenny to be possessed.

“Accordingly witness, accompanied by Weir, went to the Queen’s Bridge for the purpose of hiring a jaunting car to convey them to Lucan. They hired one from Haverty, which was drawn by a white horse. They told him that it was for four who were going to Lucan to seek a deserter from the Green Horse, of whose retreat they had information. They stopped at James’s-street at the house of one Smith, where they took some spirits and porter, while they remained there, which might be almost twenty minutes. Walsh went out and changed his clothes (Walsh was a private in the Tipperary regiment). From James’s-street they proceeded until they came to Mount Brown, when the remainder of the gang mounted the car. About half an hour after seven they stopped

again at Ford's, of Palmerstown, a gossip of witness's wife; here they also took some spirits and porter. About half-past ten Larkin went to the house of one Carroll, whom he hoped to induce to accompany him to Kenny's but the latter declined; he sent his wife, however, under the pretence of fetching water, to show them the way. Here witness declared that his heart began to fail him—he did not oppose going—gave his pistol to Walsh, who, in return, presented witness his bayonet. There was another pistol in the company with which Donoghue was armed. At length they arrived at Kenny's house, the place which they had designed to rob; their watchword was 'George.' One of them knocked at the door, and demanded admittance; it was opened, and the gang rushed in, with the exception of witness who, with his bayonet, stood sentinel at the door. The party demanded a deserter from the Green Horse, who, they understood, was secreted in the house. Under this pretence they read a paper which, they said, was a warrant of search, assuming all the time the character of bailiffs. There was in the house Mrs. Kenny and her daughter; they searched it, but could find no money, and they quitted

it without offering any violence to the inmates. On their way towards Lucan they divided into two groups. Fletcher, Larkin, and witness went first. Weir, Walsh, and Donoghue followed them at a short distance. The first party saw, as they passed, an elderly gentleman in black on the road, engaged, seemingly, in some necessary office ; they went on without regarding him, when the other party, however, came up ; witness, turning about observed Walsh put his hand to his bosom, draw out a pistol, and seized the gentleman by the breast, heard a pistol go off, saw a man fall, but thought at first it was Walsh. Witness immediately separated from his companions, and ran across the country ; saw no more of them since that night, was apprehended next day. On the cross-examination no material evidence from his direct testimony was detected. He said that his pistol was loaded with swan drops, that he did not take it out with an intent to murder ; that only for the Union he would not be so near coming to the gallows ; his trade, a silver-plater, being a very good one before that unfortunate measure. This answer produced a laugh in which Mr. Justice Daly and Mr. Baron M'Clelland joined. Both the

latter were made judges at the time of the Union.

“John White proved that on the night of the 3rd of June his car was hired from him by Walsh and Weir to carry four to Lucan to apprehend a deserter. The foregoing evidence was corroborated in the part which referred to her by Eliza Ford, at whose house they had stopped in James’s-street. She identified the prisoner, mentioned the porter and spirits which they had taken at her house. They said they were going to a funeral to Leixlip, which drew from her an observation that it was very late to be going to a funeral at that hour of the night—nothing material fell from this witness.

“Ellenor Burke is a servant at the house of James Kenny, near Lucan, corroborated in every particular the foregoing testimony.

“Major Sirr, before whom the depositions of Murphy were sworn, proved that he took them down verbatim.

“The confession of the prisoners, Weir and Walsh, were then read, who both charged Donoghue with the murder, but in no other material circumstance did they differ from evidence of the approver Murphy.

"Justice Daly charged the jury, who returned, without leaving the box, a verdict of murder against both the prisoners.

"The Judge, in passing sentence, warned the prisoners to indulge no hope.

"Weir begged for a longer day, but Judge Daly observed that there was no circumstance in the case to warrant a mitigation in the strict compliance and letter of the law. They are to be executed to-morrow. Walsh is about thirty-four years of age ; Weir is about nineteen."

There is no other reference in the *Freeman's Journal* to this case except the following in the issue of June 29 :—

"Dempsey, proprietor of the Old Cock Tavern, having seen a paragraph in a paper of Saturday, stating that Thomas Weir, who was lately executed for the murder of Mr. M'Carthy, was a waiter in his house, and Dempsey thinks it a duty incumbent on him to state to the public that the said Weir never was a waiter in his house, but in another house in the neighbourhood that went by the name of the Cock Tavern."

The murderers were executed on the spot of the murder near Lucan Hill.

V.—PALMERSTOWN.

Lord Palmerston died on the 18th October, 1865. Up to his death he was Prime Minister of England. He was an Irish Peer. He sat for the borough of Tiverton. By the Act of Union Irish Peers could sit in the House of Commons for English, but not for Irish, Constituencies. Lord Palmerston's father, while driving through Dorset-street, in the City of Dublin, was thrown out of his carriage. In a state of great physical suffering he was carried to the house of Mr. Mee, apothecary. Here he was faithfully nursed by Miss Mee, a daughter of the apothecary. She afterwards became his wife, and the mother of the celebrated Prime Minister of England. It was from Palmerstown, adjoining the district of Lucan, that Lord Palmerston took his title. Palmerstown is another boundary of the Lucan district.

Here are the venerable ruins of a church. Its round-arched windows, its nave and chancel, its graveyard, "the sanctuary of the dead," stand commandingly over the river.

By the shore a plot of ground
 Clips a ruin'd chapel round,
 Buttress'd with a grassy mound,
 Where day and night and day go by,
 And bring no touch of human sound.

Washing of the lonely seas,
 Shaking of the guardian trees
 Piping of the salted breeze ;
 Day and night and day go by,
 To the ceaseless tune of these.

Or when as wind and waters keep
 A hush more dead than any sleep,
 Still morns to stiller evenings creep,
 And day and night and day go by—
 Here the stillness is most deep.

And the ruins, lapsed again
 Into nature's wide domain,
 Sow themselves with seed and grain,
 As day and night and day go by,
 And hoard June's sun and April's rain.

Here fresh funeral tears were shed ;
 And now the graves are also dead,
 And suckers from the ash-tree spread
 As day and night and day go by,
 And stars move calmly over head.

—ALLINGHAM.

The nave is ten yards by five, the chancel four and a-half by three and a-half. Palmers-town House, once the residence of Provost Hutchinson and Lord Donoughmore, is now the Stewart Institution for Imbeciles. It is an imposing building.

In Palmerstown is the country seat of Mr. T. M. Healy, M.P., "*clarum et venerabile nomen.*" Here he is loved and revered by all. Generous to a degree to every form of charity, he is the model of a devoted husband and father, of a kind and genial friend, of a consistent and edifying Catholic.

There is also a Chapel of Ease, opposite to which is a flourishing National School for boys and girls.

It was with Lord Donoughmore's steward poor Father MacCarthy spent his last evening on earth. It was here he held his last Station, in which he heard Confessions, administered Holy Communion, and laboured hard in the service of his Master. And wearied and worn out, on his return home to lay him down to sleep, he fell into the arms of the murderer, lying in wait for a victim in the dead hour of night. He died at his post of duty.

Palmerstown used to be called Laurence Town, after St. Laurence O'Toole. Amongst the ancient records there is mention of a house of lepers in this locality dedicated to the Saint, and of the Church given by Milo de Brett to the Hospital of St. John without Newgate. The lepers' house was, in 1427,

handed over by King Henry VI. to John Waile at the rent of three shillings a year.

The celebrated Thomas Hibernus was a native of Palmerstown. He was living in 1290. He wrote the following works:—"Flores Bibliæ," "Flores Doctorum," "De Christiana Religione," "De Illusionibus Dæmonum," "De Tentationibus Diaboli," "De Remediis Vitiorum." In 1615, when Simon Swayne was curate during the royal visitation, the Church was made impropriate.

Lord Edward Fitzgerald, accompanied by Mr. Neilson, was on the point of being arrested in Palmerstown by a military patrol. He was reconnoitering the line of advance on the Kildare side to Dublin. He escaped by declaring he was a doctor, and was hurrying off to a dying patient.

Up to the time of the Union there were in Palmerstown six mills for printing works, seventeen wheels for iron works, two oil mills, one dye-stuff mill, one skin and corn mill, and three wash mills. All have vanished! The black progeny of the Union—famine, emigration, oppressive taxation, importation of foreign goods and men, and that hydra-headed

demon, landlordism—have left their cloven feet in this once flourishing district.

Weary men what reap ye? Golden corn for the stranger.
What sow ye? Human corpses that wait for the avenger.
Fainting forms, hunger stricken, what see ye in the
offing?

Stately ships to bear our food away, amid the stranger's
scoffing.

There's a proud array of soldiers—what do they round
your door?

They guard our master's granaries from the thin hands of
the poor.

Pale mothers wherefore weeping? Would to God that
we were dead—

Our children swoon before us, and we cannot give them
bread.

We are wretches, famished, scorned, human tools to build
your pride,

But God will yet take vengeance for the souls for which
Christ died.

Now in your hour of pleasure—busk ye in the world's
caress,

But our whitening bones against ye will rise as witnesses,
From the cabins and the ditches, in their charred un-
coffined masses,

For the Angel of the Trumpet will know them as he
passes—

A ghastly spectral army, before the great God we'll stand
And arraign ye as our murderers, the spoilers of our land.

VI.—ESKER.

Esker, “a ridge of hills,” is so called from being part of the Great Causeway which, in the third century, was constituted between

Dublin and Galway. This Causeway divided Leath Conn from Leath Mogha. In Moore's "History of Ireland," we read:—"If the conjecture of Whitaker, too, be adopted that the great road, called the Watling-street, extending from Dover through London as far as Anglesey in Wales, was originally denominated by the ancient Britons the way of the Irish, it is equally probable that this causeway from Galway to Dublin formed a part of the same line of conveyance, and that articles of commerce from the western and central parts of Ireland may have been, by this route, transmitted through Britain and into Gaul."

There were four manors in the County Dublin called "the King's Land." They belonged to the Crown. They were Esker, Newcastle, Saggart, and Crumlin.

To the manor of Esker were attached Ballydowd, Finnstown, Ballyowen, and Lishoke (Geshogue?). It was dedicated to the great St. Finian.

A Commission was appointed by King John in 1207 to find out what lands belonged to the Churches of Esker and Saggart, and which were to be given them "according to the custom of Ireland." In 1229 King Henry II.

gave to William Fitz-Guido, Dean of St. Patrick's, and to his successors, called the Canons of Esker, two acres near the church, "as more convenient for building on than two acres given in exchange for the same." In 1427 the manor of Esker was granted to the Archbishop of Dublin during the term of his life—but in 1430 its revenues were appropriated by the Lord Lieutenant and Council to oppose the King's "Irish enemies" and "English rebels" who invaded the Pale.

A Royal Commission was ordered in 1537 to let this and all manor lands "to such Englishmen and others, the King's subjects there." Twenty-one years' leases were granted. Each lease had certain clauses by which the tenants were bound to put in force the English tongue and the English habit, and forbidding alliances, familiarity, or intelligence with the "Irish rebels." Violation of these clauses incurred forfeiture of the lease and the current penal enactments of the Statute. A messuage in Esker, and two in Ballydowd were, in 1612, appropriated to the guild of St. Anne in St. Audeon's parish, Dublin. There were many guilds in Ireland and England at this time corresponding to "Friendly Societies." They,

with all religious benefices, were swept away or confiscated by that Royal Robber and avaricious plunderer, Henry VIII.

Esker was once a thriving village. There was here a high school very near the Cemetery. The main building still stands. There was also near it a cotton factory. But, alas! the decayed houses, the roofless cabins, where once "health and plenty cheered the labouring swain," tell us in other parts of Ireland, the sad story of extermination and emigration, the fruitful offspring of the most tyrannical land laws that ever crushed the national life of a people. The remains of the old Church look picturesquely over the village. It is grand in its ruins. It belongs to the 12th century. The ruins measure twenty-seven yards by six. It is the resting-place of many priests, particularly of Father John Kyan, "Shepherd of Leixlip," who died in 1750; and of Father MacCarthy, who was murdered on Lucan Hill. Over his grave is a slab, with the following inscription :—

The United Parishes of Lucan and Palmerstown erected this tombstone over the Mortal Remains of the Reverend James MacCartan, R. C. Curate of said Parishes. As a grateful tribute of their Respect for, and as a fitting monument of their sincere regret of the loss of that

Worthy Clergyman, by whose death Society was deprived of a Valuable Member, and Religion one of Her most zealous Ministers. Lamentable to add He fell a Victim to the Sacrilegious Hands of a Sanguinary Banditti, by whom he was Robbed and Murdered on the Hill of Lucan on the 3rd day of June, A.D. 1807, And in the 42nd year of his Age.

Requiescat in Pace.

Amen.

The remains of another martyr to duty lie in the old Cemetery of Lucan.

Father Harty, of Clondalkin, having returned from the bedside of a patient dying of cholera, was instantly struck down by that malignant plague. His grave is covered by a flat stone on which are inscribed :—

Sacred to the Memory of
 REVD. RODGER HARTY, C.C.
 Born November, 1823.
 Died November, 1866.
 R.I.P.

Stern daughter of the Voice of God,
 O Duty ! If that name thou love,
 Who art a light to guide, a rod
 To check the erring, and reprove ;
 Thou, who art victory and law
 When empty terrors overawe ;
 From vain temptation dost set free ;
 And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity.

Stern law-giver ! yet thou dost wear
 The Godhead's most benignant grace ;
 Nor know we anything so fair
 As is the smile upon thy face.

Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
 And fragrance in thy footing treads ;
 Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,
 And the most ancient heavens, through thee, are
 fresh and strong.

To humbler functions awful Power,
 I call thee ! I, myself, commend
 Unto thy guidance from this hour ;
 O let my weakness have an end !
 Give unto me, made lowly wise,
 The spirit of self-sacrifice ;
 The confidence of reason give,
 And in the light of truth thy bondman let me live.

—WORDSWORTH.

Man only mars kind nature's plan,
 And turns the fierce pursuit on man ;
 Flying war's desolatory trade—
 Incursion, flight, and ambuscade ;
 Since Nimrod, Oush's mighty son,
 At first the bloody game begun.

—SCOTT.

There was once a cotton and linen factory on the site now occupied by one of the most respected parishioners of the district, Mr. David Bellaney. His brother, Father Bellaney, a distinguished convert, preached a memorable sermon on devotion to the Mother of God in St. Mary's, Lucan, over twenty years ago. On the death of this distinguished priest the following notice appeared in a contemporary paper :—

“ Father Robert Bellaney, the oldest priest

in the Archdiocese of Westminster, whose death, in his ninety-sixth year, has occurred at Kensington, although comparatively little known to the present generation, was, twenty-five years ago, one of the most popular and distinguished preachers in the Catholic Church, and was likewise an able contributor for many years in contemporary journalism, and to many of the leading reviews. A cultured scholar and a man of wide intellectual attainments, Father Bellaney was possessed of a wonderfully retentive memory, and so great was his mental vigour that he continued his literary pursuits till a few years ago. He was at one time an Anglican clergyman, and had a brilliant university career at Oxford."

VII.—ARCHBISHOP LYNCH.

Not the least of Lucan's glories is that here the future Archbishop of Toronto said his first prayers, learned his first lessons, received his first aspirations to his exalted calling. His father was the village schoolmaster. Many Lucanites still recall with pride how young Lynch catechised them, taught them spelling and reading, and, above all, was, in religious

duty, their model and pattern. The "old schoolhouse," as it is now called, is perfectly preserved, but divided into three neat tenement cottages. The small window of his bedroom, looking out on the Adamstown-road, is reverently pointed out, and with pardonable pride it is often said : "There is the bedroom of Archbishop Lynch."

John Joseph Lynch was born on the 6th February, 1816, near Clones, Co. Monaghan. He was brought to Lucan on the appointment of his father to the district school. During his younger years he was remarkable for his spirit of prayer. Often, in the beautiful shrubbery, the little boy, rosary in hand, was seen kneeling in the dawn of morning. His sister assured the writer that she had frequently to rouse him from his absorption in deep contemplation. In his nineteenth year he entered Castleknock College ; in his twenty-first he was a postulant in the College of St. Lazare, Paris, where, after his theological course, he finished his novitiate. On his return to Castleknock he continued his studies till June, 1843, when he was ordained priest by Dr. Murray, Archbishop of Dublin, in Maynooth College."

For three years Father Lynch, as a Lazarist, made his name as a fervid and eloquent preacher. In 1846 one of his auditors was Bishop Odin, the Vicar-Apostolic of Texas. Father Lynch was then preaching in Blackrock, County Dublin. So impressed was this dignitary with the true missionary spirit that permeated every idea, word, and action of the preacher that, at the close of the sermon, he said to Father Lynch: "Come with me to Texas." It was the "*Veni sequere Me*" of the Master. The disciple obeyed.

On the 29th of June this year he arrived, in company with Father Fitzgerald, at New Orleans, La. Bishop Odin received him in Galveston, and appointed him to Houston, Texas. Here he was in his element. The field was wide, but not wider than his boundless enthusiasm and zeal for souls. Hundreds of miles over that vast area he travelled on horse-back. At night his roof was the canopy of heaven, his only pillow his saddle-bags. Cold, hunger, rain that mercilessly deluged him, without a sound save the artillery of heaven, or the barking of coyotes, or the howling of wolves, this truly apostolic son of the Lucan schoolmaster sought the souls of men in the

lonely forests and savannahs, as well as in the busy towns and cities. Whether in hotels, courthouses, private dwellings, or in the open air, it was all the same to him. The Governor of Austen assigned him the legislative portion of the Capitol, and even promised to build a church, if he would undertake the tuition of his sons. The whole population, of every creed, poured out to hear him, and seemed spell-bound by his thrilling eloquence. And having "fought the good fight," "finished his course," having penetrated to the North as far as the Indian Territory, and every spot between the Brazos, Trinity, and Colorado rivers, he went back to Houston. Here he became dangerously ill. He went to New Orleans in a convalescent state. Here the wounded and sick soldiers of the Mexican War were under hospital treatment. From bed to bed was seen, day after day, night after night, this self-forgetful priest, pouring the oil of spiritual love on the wounds of suffering members of Christ's Mystical Body. Worn and played out in body, he was transferred to the College of St. Mary of the Barrens, in Perry County, Missouri, where the activity and vigour of his powerful mind had full scope. This was in March, 1848. For seven years, as

president, he laboured with signal success in the cause of education. In 1849 he went to Paris and Rome, and on his return flung himself with fresh energy into his collegiate duties. At the invitation of Bishop Timon he founded a seminary in the Diocese of Buffalo, which was temporarily opened on the 21st November, 1856. It was a fruitful vineyard of the Lord, for from its halls went forth, in twenty years, three hundred priests to help in the propagation of the faith among the American people.

The saintly Bishop of Toronto, de Charbonnel, weighed down with the onerous duties of his episcopal office, and wishing to end his days in the Capuchin Monastery in Lyons, was eagerly looking out for one to whom he could with satisfaction confide the ministrations of his diocese, fixed his attention on Father Lynch, the fame of whose zeal, sanctity, and energy he learned. But he wished to know from himself the worth of the man. At his invitation Father Lynch, in the year 1858, conducted, firstly, a retreat, secondly, a mission in the city. So superabundant were the blessings that resulted from the retreat and the mission, so convinced was he that in Father Lynch "*Digitus Dei est hic*," that he made up his

mind at once. Soon after his return to the seminary, in the September of the following year, Father Lynch, to his great bewilderment, received the Papal Bulls appointing him Bishop of Echenias, with the right of succession to the See of Toronto. On the 20th November, 1859, he was consecrated in the Cathedral of Toronto. In April, 1860, Bishop de Charbonnel resigned, and *ipso facto* Dr. Lynch became Bishop of Toronto.

Bishop Lynch visited Rome and Ireland in 1862 and 1869. He was present, in the former year, at the canonization of the Japanese martyrs. He also visited Lucan, and with Archbishop Hughes was present at a national meeting in the Rotunda. In the latter year he was present in the Vatican Council, in which he delivered forcible arguments in favour of the dogma of the Infallibility of the Pope. There he met five of his Castleknock school-fellows, all bishops—Dr. M'Cabe, of Ardagh ; Dr. Fennelly, Vicar-Apostolic of Madras ; Dr. Grimley, Cape of Good Hope ; Dr. Moran, of Dunedin ; and Dr. Feehan, of Nashville, Tenn. Here, too, his diocese was made a metropolitan see, and he became the first Archbishop of Toronto.

In 1879 he again visited Ireland and Rome. Great was the joy of the old inhabitants of Lucan. His Grace held a reception in the Parochial House, and warmly conversed with his old friends, poor and rich alike. He strenuously pleaded the cause of Home Rule with the Lord Lieutenant and Sir Stafford Northcote. While passing through London, Sir A. T. Galt invited him to a Court Levee. His strong democratic nature prompted him to refuse ; but, after a consultation with Cardinal Manning, he accepted the invitation, in the hope of promoting the interests of the Catholic religion. He had the unique distinction of being the first Catholic bishop at an English Court since the reign of James II. On this occasion he was presented to the Prince of Wales, now Edward VII., King of England.

For the remainder of his episcopate he worked "in season and out of season." Schools, colleges, institutions embracing every form of charity, churches, sprang up around him in every direction. He died on the 12th May, 1888, at the age of seventy-two, and in the forty-fifth year of his sacred ministry.

In the old Cemetery of Lucan, erected in the

centre, is a large Celtic cross, on which is the following inscription :—

Of Your Charity Pray for the Souls
Of JAMES and ANNE LYNCH.
And for the soul of their Son,
Rev. JAMES LYNCH, O.C.,
Arklow.

O Jesus, have mercy on them.
O Mary Immaculate, pray for them.
This monument was erected to their memory
as a tribute of filial and fraternal affection
by Most
Revd. JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,
Bishop of Toronto, Canada.
“Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.”

VIII.—THE SARSFIELDS.

The name of the glorious Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan, is inseparably connected with the history of the district. Lucan is his birthplace; in Lucan was his ancestral home. In the "Calendar of the Ancient Records of Dublin" there is a quaint memoir of a Patrick Sarsfield, Mayor of Dublin, from whom the soldier-hero was descended. It is as follows :—

"There hath beene of late yeares, a worshipfull gentleman, named Patrike Sarsefield, that bare the office of Maioraltie in Dublin [1554-5] who kept so great a port in this yeare, as his hospitalitie to his fame and renowne, resteth as yet in fresh memorie. One of his especiall and entire friends, entring in communication with the gentleman, his yeare being well neere expired, mooved question, to what he thought his expenses all that yeare amounted ?¹ 'Trulie James' (so his friend was named) quoth Maister

¹ "Description of Dublin, 1577." By Richard Stonehurst.

Sarsefield, 'I take betweene me and God, when I entered into mine office, the last Saint Hierome his daie (which is the morrow of Michaelmasse on which daie the maior taketh his oth, before the chiefe baron, at the exchequer within the castell of Dublin), I had three barnes well stored and thwackt with corne, and I assured myselfe, that anie one of these three had been sufficient to have stored mine house with bread, ale, and beere for this yeare. And now, God and good companie be thanked, I stand in doubt whether I shall rub out my Mairaltie, with my third barne, which is well nigh with my yeare ended. And yet nothing smiteth me so much at the heart, as that the knot of good fellowes that you see here (he ment the sergeants and officers) are readie to flit from me, and make their next yeares abode with the next Maior. And certes I am so much wedded to good fellowship, as if I could mainteine mine house to my contentation with defraieing of five hundred pounds yearlie, I would make humble sute to the citizens to be their officer these three yeares to come.' Over this he did at the same time protest with oth, that he spent that yeare in housekeeping twentie tuns of claret wine, over and above

white wine, sacke, malmeseie, muscadell, etc. And in verie deed it was not to be marvelled; for during his Mairaltie his house was so open as commonly from five of the clocke in the morning to ten at night, his butteries and cellars were with one crew or other frequented. To the haunting of which, ghests were the sooner allured that you should never marke him or . . . once frowne or wrinkle their foreheads, or bend their browes, or glowme their countenances, or make a sowre face at anie ghest, were he never so meane. But their entertainment was so notable, as they would sauce their bountifull and daintie fare with heartie and amiable cheere. His porter or anie other officer durst not for both his eares give the simplest man that resorted to his house Tom drum his entertainment, which is to hale a man in by the head, and thrust him out by both the shoulders; for he was fullie resolved that his worship and reputation could not be more distained than by the currish entertainment of anie ghest. To be brieve (according to the golden verses of the ancient and famous English poet, Geffreie Chaucer),¹

¹ Prologue to the "Canterbury Tales."

An householder, and that a great, was hee,
 Saint Julian he was in his countrie.
 His bread, his ale, was alwaie after one,
 A better viended man was no where none.
 Without bakte meat was never his house,
 Of fish and flesh, and that so plenteouse
 It snewed in his house of meat and drinke.
 Of all deinties that men could thinke
 After the sundrie seasons of the yere,
 So changed he his meat and his suppere
 Full manie a fat partrich had he in mew
 And many a breme, and manie a luce in stew.

“Some of his friends, that were snudging
 pencefathers, would take him up verie roughlie
 for his lavishing and his outrageous expenses,
 as they tearme it. ‘Tush, my maisters’ (would
 he saie), ‘take not the matter so hot : whoso
 commeth to my table, and hath no need of my
 meat, I know he commeth for the good will he
 beareth me ; and, therefore, I am beholding to
 thanke him for his companie : if he resort for
 need, how maie I bestow my goods better, than
 in releiving the poore ? If you had perceived
 me so far behindhand as that I had bene like
 to have brought haddocke to paddocke I would
 patientlie permit you both larglie to controll
 me, and friendlie to reprove me. But so long
 as I cut so large thongs of mine owne leather,
 as that I am not yet come to my buckle, and
 during the time I keepe myselfe so farre aflote

as that I have as much water as my ship draweth, I praie pardon me to be liberall in spending, sith God of His goodness is gracious in sending.' And, indeed, so it fell out. For at the end of his Maioraltie he owght no man a dotkin. What he dispended was his owne ; and ever after during his life, he kept so woorthie a standing house, as that hee seemed to surrender the princes sword to other Maiors, and reserved the port and hospitalitie to himselfe."

The renowned Patrick Sarsfield was on the side of his father, whose name was Patrick Sarsfield, of Lucan, descended from an ancient Anglo-Norman house, and on his mother's side from the ancient chiefs of Leix. The was Anne, the daughter of the famous Roger O'More.

When in 1641 the Catholic religion in Ireland seemed to be on the point of extermination, it was Roger O'More, the father of the mother of Sarsfield, who in 1641 initiated the ever memorable struggle for Catholic Emancipation.

"O'More," says Haverty, "was a man of handsome person and fascinating manners, as well as of great bravery and undoubted

honour." No wonder that his grandson should inherit the same well acknowledged qualities. On the death of his only brother William, who died without issue, Patrick inherited the estate of Lucan, which realized about £2,000 per annum. First an ensign in France under Monmouth, afterwards as lieutenant in the English Guards, he acquired a scientific and practical knowledge in the warfare of the time. Having returned with King James from France to Ireland, he became privy councillor, colonel of horse and brigadier.

After the first siege of Limerick he was made brigade-general. In October, 1691, he made a sacrifice of his whole estate, and the glorious prospects temptingly held out to him by the Williamite army. For the cause of God, country, and his persecuted Catholic countrymen, he joined the standard of James, who appointed him to the command of his second troop of Irish Horse Guards. In 1692 he distinguished himself at the battle of Steenkirk. It was fought on that very day when the Protestant Parliament in Dublin was framing oaths against Transubstantiation and the Invocation of Saints with the view of extinguishing the Catholic religion in Ireland. Under a

burning July sun, in the gleam of which shone the banners of England and of the united provinces of Spain and the Empire—the mighty host attacked the forces of Marshal Luxembourg, whose principal generals were Berwick and Sarsfield. Sarsfield had previously driven William from the walls of Limerick. The battle raged fiercely and long. There was carnage on every side. But nothing could withstand the glorious charge of the French cavalry, with Sarsfield at their head. The shouts of the Irish and French rent the air; the allied forces, under William III., were scattered as chaff before their jubilant war-cry; and ten thousand dead bodies lay on the field, smitten by the sword of righteousness and the valour of Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan. Louis XIV. raised him to the rank of *marechael de camp* or major-general in the French service. The 19th July, 1693, was Sarsfield's last day on earth. On that day was fought a decisive battle. The English call it by the name of Landen, the French by that of Neerwinden, which was the centre of hostilities. Twice the French were repulsed. Berwick fell into the hands of the Allies, but was afterwards exchanged for Ormond, who was made

prisoner by the French. Luxembourg, with King Louis's famed household cavalry, made a third desperate attack, in which Sarsfield was foremost amongst the French officers.

The Allies were routed as far as the River Gette. It was here, after one of the bloodiest engagements on record, that the French were victorious. But the price of it was irreparable to Ireland. It cost the life-blood of the gallant, patriotic, and chivalrous Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan. "Before he fell," says Mitchel, "he could see the standards of England swept along by the tide of headlong flight, or trailing in the muddy waters of the Gette; he could see the scarlet ranks that he had once hurled back from the ramparts of Limerick, now rent and riven, fast falling in their wild flight; while there was sent pealing after them the vengeful shout: 'Remember Limerick!'"

Sarsfield was tall and handsome. "His character," says O'Callaghan, "may be comprehended in the words simplicity, disinterestedness, honour, loyalty, and bravery."

He was married and had one son, who served under Berwick. He died in Spain without issue.

His wife was Honora de Burgo, second

daughter of William, seventh Earl of Clanrickarde. After the death of Sarsfield she married the Duke of Berwick.

Sarsfield's brother William married Mary, daughter of Charles II. Their daughter Charlotte married Agmondesham Vesey. Their daughter Anne married Sir John Bingham, of Mayo. In 1776 George III. created their son, Sir Charles, Earl of Lucan.

The property was transmitted *by another heiress of the name of Vesey* into that of *Colthurst*. In the old graveyard adjoining the church lie the remains of Captain Robert Colthurst. Over his grave there is a large granite stone, on which runs the inscription :—

In Memoriam.

ROBERT COLTHURST,

Born 3rd January, 1830.

Died 27th July, 1864. R.I.P.

Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.

It is fitting that on the great Resurrection Day will rise the distinguished, noble, and generous convert from that hallowed spot from which sprang through his charity one of the grandest memorials of man, an institution in which religion and education hand in hand showered down their priceless treasures on the present and future generations in Lucan.

His brother, Colonel Colthurst, perfected and still expands the same munificent charity. With the same chivalrous and unstinted spirit he presented the magnificent site on which the beautiful new convent schools adorn this lovely and picturesque place.

Years passed by, and the orient sky blazed with a new-born light,
 And Bethlehem's Star shone bright afar o'er the lost world's darksome night;
 And the diamond shrines from plundered mines and the golden fanes of Jove,
 Melted away in the blaze of day, at the simple spell-word "love!"
 The light serene o'er that island green, played with its saving beams,
 And the fires of Baal waxed dim and pale like the stars in the morning streams!
 And 'twas joy to hear, in the bright air clear, from out each sunny glade,
 The tinkling bell from the quiet cell, or the cloister's tranquil shade.

—DENIS FLORENCE M'CARTHY.

The following description given by Captain Gandon, in Dalton's "History of the County Dublin," is a very accurate one of the surroundings of the ruins of the castle of the Sarsfields :—

"On the northern wall, close to the eastern window, is a white marble monument much soiled and defaced, with the figure of a child leaning over a shield of antiquated form.

On a tablet beneath is the following inscription :—

This chapel was repaired by Lady Jane Butler, and this monument erected to her dearly-beloved husband, deceased, the 23 March, A.D. 1738, with whom she is interred :—

Where thou dyest, there will I dye ;
Where thou art buried, there will I be buried also.

“ A plain headstone, of Kilkenny marble, marks the grave of Colonel George Vesey, the recent proprietor of this locality ; born in 1761, died 1836 ; and also states that, near it lie the remains of his father and mother, George and Letitia Vesey. Another headstone of white marble has been erected, to mark the grave of an infant son of Sir Nicholas and Lady Colthurst.

“ The present proprietor is Captain Charles Colthurst Vesey, Deputy-Lieutenant of the County Dublin.”

We find in the ancient records mention of two Lucan chaplains :—

In 1395 John Route was chaplain. He received charge of a manor and water-mill, until the question would be settled whether the property belonged to him or the Crown.

n 1409 the King assigned two parts of the manor of Lucan to Thomas Hunt, chaplain, and Walter Hern, conjointly during the minority of the heir.

1566. Sir William Sarsfield, of Lucan, knighted by Sir Henry Sidney, for his services against Shane O'Neill.

1591. Sir William Sarsfield, of Lucan, Seneschal of New Castle, Esker, Saggard, and Crumlin.

1599. William Sarsfield, of Lucan, seized of fifty acres in Rathcoole—forfeited in 1641.

1609. Sir William Sarsfield received from the minor canons of St. Patrick the manor in Lucan, two castles, two water-mills, 50a. arable 100a. of wood; and 50a. in Rathcoole to which his grandson succeeded on his death in 1616.

1634. William Sarsfield, Sheriff of County Dublin.

1689. Patrick Sarsfield, Junior, M.P. for County Dublin.

1690. General Patrick Sarsfield, of Lucan created Earl of Lucan by James II.

THE SOLDIERS OF SARSFIELD.

Before the standards of his daughter flying,
 By Boyne's dark stream, even as a stag at bay,
 Stood hapless James in arms, yet loathed to slay.
 One faithful band alone, 'mid foes defying,
 And perjured friends, deserting and denying,
 Clung round him as a breastplate throught that day—
 The fate they might avert not to delay.
 There, where ill-omened Dane and Dutchman, dying,
 Lay thickest, his wild slogan o'er the plain
 Sarsfield's indomitable soldiers pealed.
 In vain, alas, for James; but not in vain
 For vengeance. Soon Almanza heard once more
 That cry, and Fontenoy's disastrous field
 Those fatal bayonets dyed with kindred gore.

—SIR AUBREY DE VERE.

IX.—VINDICATION OF SARSFIELD.

The reputation of Sarsfield did not escape the lash of the bigot. Lord Macaulay, with an ingenuity peculiar to himself, thought to brand with dishonour that noble name and to send it down to posterity with the stigma of a word-breaker upon it:—"Sarsfield," says Macaulay, "perceived that one chief cause of the desertion which was thinning his army was the natural unwillingness of the men to leave their families in a state of destitution. Cork

and its neighbourhood were filled with the kindred of those who were going abroad. Great numbers of women, many of them leading, carrying, or suckling their infants, covered all the roads which led to the place of embarkation. The Irish general, apprehensive of the effect which the entreaties and lamentations of these poor creatures could not fail to produce, put forth a proclamation, in which he assured his soldiers that they should be permitted to carry their wives and families to France. It would be injurious to the memory of so brave and loyal a gentleman to suppose that when he made this promise *he meant to break it*. It is much more probable that he had formed an erroneous estimate of the number of those who would demand a passage, and that he found himself, when it was too late, to alter his arrangements, *unable to keep his word*. After the soldiers had embarked room was found for the families of many. But still there remained on the water-side a great multitude clamouring piteously, to be taken on board. As the last boats put off there was a rush into the surf. Some women caught hold of the ropes, were dragged out of their depth, clung till their fingers were cut through, and perished in the

waves. The ships began to move. A wild and terrible wail arose from the shore, and excited unwonted compassion in hearts steeled by hatred of the Irish race and of the Romish faith. Even the stern Cromwellian, now at length after a desperate struggle of three years, left the undisputed lord of the bloodstained and devastated island, could not hear unmoved that bitter cry in which was poured forth all the rage and all the sorrow of a conquered nation."

It is true that all this took place. It is false that Sarsfield broke his word. It was "Remember the women's parting cry," that fired the heart of the exiled soldiers to deeds of valour on the battlefield—but not less than the truthful unblemished tongue of the noble honourable Sarsfield.

The Military Articles of the Treaty reveal the man who was charged with the embarkation of the emigrants and their families—and who was to make out an estimate for King William of the necessary shipment. Who was this man? Was it Sarsfield? No, it was General Ginkell! And when Sarsfield assured the soldiers, in his proclamation, of the safe transport of their wives and families to France, he relied on the first and remaining

articles of the Treaty, absolutely unsuspecting of the black design of the Violators of the Treaty. Besides Harris and Curry, in their histories, distinctly state that the Lords Justices and Ginkell did their utmost to violate the First Article by keeping the wives at home in the hope that their husbands would not join the gallant army in France, before whose steel and whose matchless prowess they quailed at home.

Macaulay saw and read these histories. But his lying calumny, his bigoted and narrow spirit are powerless to dim the glory, honour, and immortal fame of Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan.

X.—ST. CATHERINE'S, OWEN ROE O'NEILL
AND CARDINAL RINUCCINI.

In the western side of Lucan is the famous St. Catherine's. There is a well still here called St. Catherine's Well. Was it one of the holy wells of Ireland? A bust of the Saint is all that is left to tell the tale. Many a poor villager have I known to make a pilgrimage there, and with its waters to bathe the weak eyes, the deaf ears, and the languid limbs. In the year 1219 the Canons of the Congregation of St. Victor took possession of this hallowed spot. Warrisius de Peche gave the site. It was he who built the Church of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Lucan, and it was to this community he left it in charge; and there they prayed and laboured with ceaseless zeal for the temporal and eternal weal of the people of Lucan. The Lord of Leixlip, Sir Adam de Hereford, assigned them lands in Leixlip, on the condition they would pray for the repose of the souls of his forefathers. Here we have a historical proof of the doctrine of the Catholic Church regarding suffrages for the

souls of the dead. In the deed of contract it was arranged that six chaplains should be maintained for this purpose. The grant to the canons was confirmed by the King in 1268. But debt—that avalanche which sweeps away the noblest efforts of man, extinguishes the noblest aspirations, and renders impracticable, for want of co-operation, a world of good—broke the hearts and spirits of the good canons. The glories of St. Catherine's faded away, like many another that would have flourished from generation to generation but for the begrudging and stoical indifference, the apathy and helplessness, of those for whose welfare it was launched forth, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, upon the bright, smooth ocean of brilliant hopes and prospects. After one hundred and four years of prayer, labour, and sacrifice, the community transferred all their possessions to the Abbot of St. Thomas, Dublin.

In two hundred and seven years afterwards it was leased to the services of the parish Churches of Confey and Leixlip, but afterwards became the property of John Alen, Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

Afterwards it fell into the hands of Sir

Nicholas White, whose widow, Dame Ursula, sold it to Alderman Hatfield, who in his turn sold it to Sir John Percival.

Mr. La Touche bought it in 1792, and built a magnificent mansion on its ruins. The mansion, a repertoire of art and architectural beauty, was burned to the ground.

A former occupier of the demesne, Sir Samuel Cooke, discovered in it a lead vein.

St. Catherine's is historically associated with the Great Confederation of Kilkenny.

It was here that the army of Preston lay encamped in 1646. It was here that the Nuncio, Cardinal Rinuccini, treated with that general. It was from St. Catherine's he went to Newcastle to Owen Roe O'Neill, and back again to Preston in St. Catherine's, during a critical period of the Confederation. It was here that the golden opportunity was lost of breaking for ever the iron chains of religious bigotry that still weigh down and oppress the Catholics of Ireland. Rinuccini is severely censured, but unfairly, for the part he played on this occasion. Here the Earls of Fingall and Westmeath waited on him. Here also the Earl of Clanrickarde used all his statecraft to bend the iron will of the Nuncio. The

vacillating and wrangling Preston was to blame. The upright, able, chivalrous Owen Roe stands "*sans peur et sans reproche*," and were not the leech-like fiend of Irish discord there, he would have swept away the vast hordes of bigotry, and would have asserted, for ever and aye, the independence of the Catholics of his native land.

It was a critical moment. There lay the two glorious hosts, divided, that should be united—Owen Roe's in Newcastle, Preston's in St. Catherine's. It was winter, a severe winter. The wily Ormond cut off all food supplies from Dublin, and destroyed the neighbouring mills. Twenty, sometimes thirty men, were found in the morning, at the aurora, lying dead at their posts. Like Laurence O'Toole, Rinuccini, weary and footsore, tried to effect, passing from one camp to the other, a reconciliation; but Preston was obdurate. Clanrickarde seemed to have spellbound him. He was on the point of being seized and slain until, through Rinuccini's prevailing influence, he withdrew all communication with Ormond. A moment's union, and Dublin was easily taken. But no; accursed disunion! During twelve days the wrangling continued, and at a false

alarm the camps broke up, fled to the south, and left Rinuccini a broken-hearted man in Lucan, bewailing for three days the bane of our nation—dissension, crying, like St. Laurence O'Toole : “ Oh, you foolish people.” They met in Kilkenny. Peace reigned. A new Assembly met in Kilkenny, 10th January, 1647, and the saintly Bishop of Ossory celebrated, in the presence of the Nuncio, Solemn High Mass, amid a scene of unsurpassed and awful grandeur. After the ceremonies the Confederates repaired to the Castle. Here the Nuncio congratulated Owen Roe on his decisive victory of Benburb, by which the Confederation was saved from disaster. Dissension again raised its hydra-head. Dr. French, Bishop of Ferns, moved that Preston, on account of his treaty with Ormond, would be impeached. Swords were drawn. The tumult closed only after three weeks' deputations, when it was resolved that the treaty with Ormond was invalid, and “ that the nation would accept of no peace not containing a sufficient security for the religion, lives, and estates of the Confederate Catholics.” They swore never to leave down their arms till they obtained, first, the freedom of the Catholic reli-

gion, as in the reign of Henry VII. and former Catholic kings ; the assertion of the jurisdiction of the Catholic clergy during these reigns ; the repeal of anti-Catholic laws since Henry VIII. ; the independence of the churches and Church livings in all places possessed by the Confederate Catholics, or afterwards to be possessed by them.

The seven years' war was brought to a close on the 17th January, 1649, by a treaty of peace between Ormond and the Confederates. On the 23rd February Rinuccini sailed from Galway in his frigate for Rome.

The brave Owen Roe O'Neill still fought for Irish freedom till the 6th November.

On that day Ireland lost the last and the greatest of her warriors. He died in Cloughoughter, in Cavan. It is said that he was poisoned by a poisoned pair of russet boots sent him by Plunket of Louth, and which he wore at a ball given to Sir Charles Coote in Derry. His character is thus summed up by MacGeoghegan :—" His ideas were clear, his perceptions accurate, his judgment very sound. He was dexterous in profiting of the advantages which were furnished by the enemy. He left nothing to chance, and his plans were always

well formed. He was sober, prudent, and reserved. When occasion required he could disguise his sentiments. He was well acquainted with the intrigues of courts, and, in a word, he possessed all the qualities necessary for a great general."

But his glorious victory at Benburb brought out his sterling qualities into display.

Rinuccini says that on that memorable morning, the 15th June, 1646, "the whole army having confessed, and the *General*, with the other officers, having received the Holy Communion with the greatest piety, made a profession of faith, and the chaplain deputed by the Nuncio for the spiritual care of the army, after a brief exhortation, gave them his blessing," And the great Owen Roe then addressed his soldiers in these words :—

"Behold the army of the enemies of God, the enemies of your lives. Fight valiantly against them to-day ; for it is they who have deprived you of your chiefs, of your children, of your subsistence, spiritual and temporal ; who have torn from you your land, and made you wandering fugitives."

Noble was the result of these thrilling words. The Scotch were routed. 3,243 of their dead

bodies were counted on the field. Monroe flew with his life to Lisburn, leaving his hat, cloak, and sword behind him. Thirty-two of their colours, artillery, arms, provisions, were seized by the Irish, whose casualties were only 70 men killed and 200 wounded—and Catholic Ireland, through hundreds of thousands voices, exultingly sang forth her *Te Deum* to the God of Victories. No truer, braver, or loftier ever upheld the honour and integrity of Irish nationality.

Did they dare, did they dare to slay Owen Roe O'Neill?
Yes, they slew with poison him they feared to meet with
steel.

May God wither up their hearts! may their blood cease
to flow!

May they walk in living death, who poisoned Owen Roe!

—THOMAS DAVIS.

Father Meehan thus vindicates the character of the Nuncio:—

“Rinuccini's views were those of an uncompromised prelate. He had learned to appreciate the impulsiveness of the true Irish character, and determined to convince the Confederates that they had within their own body all the materials which were required to insure success. He set his mind on one grand object, the freedom of the Church in possession

of all her rights and dignities, and the emancipation of the Catholic people from the degradation to which English Imperialism had condemned them. The churches which the piety of Catholic lords and chieftains had erected he determined to secure to the rightful inheritors. His mind and feelings recoiled from the idea of worshipping in crypts and catacombs. He abhorred the notion of a priest or bishop performing a sacred rite as though it were a felony, and spite the wily artifices of Ormond and his faction, he resolved to teach the people of Ireland that they were not to remain mere dependants on English bounty, when a stern resolve might win for them the privileges of freemen. His estimate of the Irish character was correct and exalted."¹

And Haverty says :—"Rinuccini desired to raise the Catholic Church in Ireland to the dignity to which it was entitled, and the native race of Ireland to the social state for which he saw them fitted. . . . And for the rest it can hardly be denied that on his side was all that the Confederation could boast of as chivalrous, high-minded, and national ; while

¹ "Confederation of Kilkenny."

on that of the Ormondists we find intrigue, incapacity, and cowardice."¹

Surely there can now be no room for doubt as to the identity of the traitors during those eventful days spent by the Nuncio in St. Catherine's. The traitors were neither the sturdy faithful Rinuccini, nor the valiant, fearless, Owen Roe O'Neill.

XI.—LEIXLIP AND ST. CATHERINE'S.

SILKEN THOMAS.

Leixlip is another boundary of Lucan. A gate lodge of the Castle is the last house on this side of the district. Leixlip is a compound of two Scandinavian words, Lax and Klaup, hence Saltus Salmonis or the Salmon Leap. From Saltus the barony is called North Salt. It was originally a boundary of the Scandinavian kingdom of Dublin. Strongbow made a grant of the manor of Leixlip in 1169. In 1219 a carucate of its land, probably about one hundred acres, was enfeoffed to the Prior of St. Catherine's to maintain six chaplains, who were to pray for the souls of all his (*i.e.*, Hereford's) progenitors.

The Castle, which is now possessed by Mr. William Mooney, is historic. King John slept

¹ "History of Ireland" (Charles I).

here, where the King's room is preserved. Here Robert Bruce, the victor of Bannockburn, and his brother Edward stopped in the year 1317 for four days. Concerning this visit we read in Moore's "History of Ireland": "Nor is it a slight addition to the interest of that romantic spot, to be able to fancy that the heroic Bruce, surrounded by his companions in arms, had once stood beside its beautiful waterfall, and wandered, perhaps, through its green glen." After unsuccessfully laying siege to Dublin, and on their way from Castleknock to Naas, here, where the waters of the Rye and Liffey mingle, where the salmon sport, as if inebriated with the loveliness of nature, they rested to refresh themselves in a scene of exceptional and wondrous beauty which doubtless inspired them with fresh courage and loftier motives to fight for the freedom of a country so fair.

Leixlip Castle is linked inseparably with the name of Silken Thomas and the Geraldines. In 1496 Henry VII. gave Gerald, the eighth Earl of Kildare, the manor of Leixlip with its appurtenances on the occasion of the Earl's marriage with his second wife, Dame Elizabeth Saints John.

His first wife was Alison, daughter of Sir Rowland Eustace, of Harristown, Co. Kildare. She had one son, Gerald, who became the ninth Earl of Kildare, and six daughters. On 22nd November, 1495, she died of a broken heart, on account of her husband's captivity and his sufferings in a British prison. The issue of his marriage with Dame Elizabeth was seven sons only, who on their mother's death inherited Leixlip. On the death of his two elder brothers Sir James was owner of Leixlip. It was about this time Silken Thomas, his nephew, and the son of the ninth earl, unfurled the standard of rebellion. Dr. Cromer was an Englishman. On the nomination of the King he was promoted to the See of Armagh. As Archbishop and Primate he showed, for a time, great zeal and consistency in the discharge of the duties of his high office. When Parliament sanctioned the Act of Royal Supremacy he was uncompromising and fearless. Summoning the suffragans and provincial clergy, he exhorted them to stand unflinchingly to the authority of the Holy See, and anathematized all who acknowledged the royal supremacy. But human respect for the King, to whom he owed his appointment; the example of his fellow-

countrymen in England, who renounced the faith of their fathers at the bidding of their adulterous monarch ; and pusillanimity at the thoughts of the brave resistance of the Irish chieftains, staggered his faith. In a consistory held on the 13th July, 1539, he was suspended from his primacy on account of suspicion of heresy. It is believed he voluntarily resigned, as Dr. Wauchop, his substitute, was Archbishop of Armagh towards the close of 1540. In 1536, by an Act of Resumption, 28th of Henry VIII., the King seized Leixlip from The Fitzgerald, and vested it in himself, "for that the blood of the Geraldines is corrupted towards the Crown of England." On his way to Windsor, Silken Thomas was taken and committed to the Tower. He and his five uncles were attainted by the Irish Parliament, and on the 3rd February, 1537, Silken Thomas and his five uncles were executed at Tyburn.

XII.—MURDER OF DR. ALLEN, ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

On the committal of the Earl of Kildare to the Tower the enemies of the Geraldines used every means to incite Silken Thomas into open

revolt. They reported the Earl was executed. Silken Thomas believed it. On the 11th June, 1533, at the head of one hundred and forty horsemen, he left Leixlip Castle for St. Mary's Abbey. He rushed into the council chamber and surrendered to the Chancellor, Archbishop Cromer, his sword and robes of state, and renounced his allegiance to the King, in spite of the tears and remonstrances of Archbishop Cromer. The murder of Dr. Allen, the Archbishop of Dublin, is the blackest and reddest stain on the character of Silken Thomas. During his siege the Archbishop made his escape, and endeavoured to cross over to England. In the night-time he embarked on a vessel which lay in the river off Dame's Gate. The vessel ran ashore at Clontarf. The Archbishop took refuge in a house at Artane. As soon as Silken Thomas heard the news he set out with two of his uncles, John and Oliver. They found the Archbishop at dawn of day. The Archbishop was dragged out of his bed. The venerable prelate in tears fell upon his knees, and implored them to spare his life. While with eyes and hands uplifted to heaven, he was invoking the Divine clemency, Silken Thomas cried out :—" Take the clown away."

In the presence of the Geraldines, their attendants fell on that suppliant form. On that sad 28th July, they brutally murdered the Archbishop of Dublin. All who participated in the sacrilegious murder were excommunicated. And the unhappy Earl, lingering in the Tower, read the sentence which was transmitted to the Tower, in which, in the following September, he died of a broken heart.

SEQUEL OF THE MURDER OF ARCHBISHOP ALLEN.

The murder of the Archbishop of Dublin marked a new epoch in the religious history of Ireland. Henry VIII. had renounced the authority of the Pope, and arrogated to himself the title of "Head of the Church," which was divinely given by Christ to St. Peter and his successors in the Pontificate. This was his opportunity. In 1534 George Browne, an apostate Augustinian Friar, the confidential agent of Cranmer, the friend of Cromwell, the counsellor of the royal Renegade, was one of royal commission for the establishment of the Reformation in Ireland. The Earl of Ossory and his son were pledged by it "to resist the usurpation of the bishop of Rome," and to

assign as the cause of the national misfortunes "the manner in which the Pope had exercised his authority in filling up the Irish benefices." It was he who performed the secret marriage of Henry VIII. with Anne Boleyn—without even a divorce from Catherine, the lawfully married Queen. In the beginning of March, 1535, Henry VIII.—not the Pope of Rome—Henry VIII., the father of the Reformation, appointed this man, Browne, to the vacant See of Dublin. Would Silken Thomas have consented to the murder of Archbishop Allen had he known the awful story that would follow? Browne had no credentials from Rome. He was consecrated by Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, from whom he received his unauthorised pallium; and with amazing ignorance and stupidity and malice, Protestant writers call him the successor of St. Laurence O'Toole! All honour to the memory of St. Laurence O'Toole! He was consecrated, not by an Archbishop of Canterbury or by a foreign prelate—but by the Primate of Armagh. Neither he nor any of his successors took an oath of obedience or submission to the See of Canterbury. It was St. Laurence O'Toole who emancipated the

Irish Church from all dependence on the Primate of All England. It was in 1179, in the General Council, St. Laurence in Rome secured from Alexander III. the independence of the Irish Church. Cranmer, then, had no more call to the See of Dublin than to the laager of General Louis Botha.

Besides, Browne, before his appointment had, according to Ussher and Mant, before his appointment, renounced Popery—and the authority of the One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church of which our Saint was "*Lucerna ardens et lucens.*"

Browne was a bad man. On 7th July, 1537, Henry VIII., in a letter, threatened "to remove you again, and to put another man of more virtue and honesty in your place."

He destroyed crosses, images, relics—the crozier of St. Patrick. He suppressed monasteries and religious orders. He destroyed, in his hatred of the Mother of God, her miraculous images at Trim and Navan, with their abbeys. So venerable was the latter heir-loom of the Irish people, that in 1454 a parliament held in Dublin ordered protection to all, whether rebels or others, who were pilgrims to that sacred shrine. And in 1460, in a preamble to another

act of the parliament, states how a Mr. Stackbolle, whose tongue had been cut off, and his eyes put out, when brought before the image of the Blessed Virgin "was, by her grace, mediation, and miraculous power, restored to his sight and speech."¹

Henry VIII. characterised his lightness of behaviour, the elation of his mind in pride, etc., etc.

The Protestant Bishop of Ossory describes his morality "the lewd example of the Archbishop of Dublin." He declares him guilty of drunkenness and gluttony, and styles him an epicurious archbishop, a brockish swine, and a dissembling proselyte.

Dear Protestant scribes, is this your estimate of a successor of the illustrious and mortified St. Laurence O'Toole?

Far be it from us to cast undue aspersion on the name of the Geraldines. Silken Thomas who, before his death, was left almost naked in his cell, and had to crave from his fellow-prisoners some scanty clothing to cover his perishing body, may not have wished the death of Dr. Allen. His impetuous words may have been misinterpreted by his excited attendants.

¹ Hardiman, "Stat. of Kilkenny," pp. 25 & 51.

Like all the Geraldines he was more Irish than the Irish themselves. Henry VIII. did not reward him or punish him for the death of Dr. Allen. He tortured him because he hated tyranny, and he loved Ireland. It was for this he was executed at Tyburn. And though, afterwards, they "conformed" the Geraldines long before the Cromwellian and Williamite colonisation, the chiefs of the Clan Geralt spared neither their estates, their reputation, nor their life's blood in the cause of Irish Independence.

We find the Earl of Kildare, as a parliamentarian, at a time when his sword was locked in its scabbard, going into the presence of the King, "bearding the lion in his den," and to the amazement of all boldly presenting on behalf of oppressed Ireland his remonstrance.

He contended, what might be asserted to-day, that the national discontent arose not so much from faction as the malfeasance of Ministers. He complained of the duumvirate of the Primate and Viceroy. The Viceroy he likened to Strafford, and the Primate to Laud and Wolsey.

Besides the secretary of Dr. Allen, who was an Englishman, was John Allen, the Secretary of the Council, and afterwards Master of the

Rolls. He was an uncompromising enemy of the Geraldines. The Earl of Kildare deprived Dr. John Allen, Archbishop of Dublin, of the Chancellorship. He made Dr. Cromer, Archbishop of Armagh, Lord Chancellor of Ireland. And the report of the commission, drawn up by John Allen as secretary, concluded that not the "wild Irish lords only, but the treason, rebellion, extortion, and wilful war of the aforesaid earls (viz., Desmond, Kildare, and Ossory), and other English lords," were responsible.¹

It is true that Dr. Allen was an Englishman, that he was Wolsey's chaplain, and, according to Mageoghegan, he was an agent in the suppression of forty English monasteries, to found his colleges at Ipswich and Oxford. But this was a considerable time before Henry VIII. began his work of confiscation. Dr. Allen's works, "The Black Book of Christ's Church" and his "Reportorium Viride," prove he was a prelate of studious life, and not such as to provoke enmity with politicians. Did Silken Thomas, rash, impetuous youth that he was, mistake one John Allen for the other John Allen? That he repented it is to be hoped, and was absolved from the excommunication

¹ "State Papers," lxiii.-lv. and ix.

At any rate, it is an awful illustration of the error of making the sacred character of religion secondary to politics. The surest means of success, in bringing down the blessing of heaven on our national struggle, is to erect, above and before all other standards, the standard of that "faith which overcometh the world."

XIII.—ST. CATHERINE'S WELL.

THE HOLY WELLS.

In 1707 the Union between England and Scotland was effected. The agitation which arose in consequence, and which was confined to the Presbyterians of Scotland, furnished to the British Parliament a pretext for outrage upon Roman Catholics. A plot existing through the south-western portion of Scotland was discovered. The Pretender, Anne's brother, was to be invited—his dynasty was to be established and so the Union was to be abolished.

Suddenly in 1708 forty-one harmless country gentlemen, free of all complication in the plot, were arrested and imprisoned in Dublin Castle.

There was the famous St. John's Well in the County Meath. Thither the blind and maimed from time immemorial repaired, and by the power of faith, and intercession of the saint with God, went away perfectly cured. Their friends naturally accompanied them, and held an annual festival called the "Patron." The penitents and sick devoted themselves to penances and religious exercises. Their friends held the "fair," which consisted at that time of innocent amusements and recreations. Such patron fairs were the origin of the celebrated fairs of Lyons, Frankfort, Leipzig, and many others of European fame. By the 2nd Anne, c. 6, the patron days of wells were suppressed.

The statute imposed a fine of ten shillings (and in default of payment whipping) on every one "who shall attend or be present at any pilgrimage or meeting held at any holy well, or imputed holy well," and "requires all magistrates to demolish all crosses, pictures, and inscriptions that are anywhere publicly set up, and are the occasions of Popish superstitions." But not all the statutes of the world can tear the Irish pilgrim from the holy well. The statute is made by man, but the limpid, clear, and hallowed waters of the holy

wells are made by the Hand of God, and their all-saving efficacy is created by the breath of His divine spirit of love.

For knowledge has abused its powers, an empire to erect
For tyrants, on the rights the poor had given them to
protect ;

Till now the simple elements of nature are their all,
That from the cabin is not filched, and lavished in the
hall—

And while night, noon, or morning meal no other plenty
brings,

No beverage than the water draught from old, spon-
taneous springs ;

They, sure, may deem them holy wells, that yield from
day to day,

One blessing that no tyrant hand can taint or take
away.

—J. DE JEAN FRASER.

XIV.—CONFEEY.

Confey is another boundary line between the Lucan and Leixlip districts. It joins Lucan at "Pass-if-you-can," the lands of which are in the three counties of Dublin, Meath, and Kildare. Confey has a historical association.

In O'Curry's "Manuscript Materials" there is a description of the prophecy of St. Moling, who foretold the battle of Confey. St. Moling, of Tigh Moling (St. Mullin's, Co. Carlow), died in 696. The battle of Confey was in 915. The prophecy is called the *Bhaite Mholing*, or

"Ecstasy of Moling." It consists of forty-seven stanzas, or one hundred and eighty-eight lines, on the Succession of the Kings of Leinster, Having foretold the slaying of Kings Fergal and Ædh, the prophecy passes from 733 to the death of Cormac Mac Cullinan in the year 903, when he was slain in the battle of Magh Ailbé. Though no allusion is made to the Danish invasion, it foretells that the cattle of Cílb Ansailé (Killossy, near Naas) will be carried off by the Danes. The Danes were then to be almost annihilated by Ugairé, the son of Aillel, King of Leinster.

Now, it was really Ugairé, the King, who, with the warlike chiefs of Leinster, fell in the arms of victory on the battle-field of Ceann-fuait (Confey, near Lucan), in 915, when the Danes were thoroughly routed and slain, and their camp, into which the Danes had lately poured, and in which they were strongly entrenched, was completely destroyed.

XV.—LUTTRELLSTOWN

Is another of the Lucan boundaries. It is now called Woodlands, and is the property of Lord Annally. It is one of the most beautiful

demesnes in the County Dublin. It has been described as "indeed the most delightful in its kind that can be imagined. Scenery, by nature most beautiful, is improved by art to the highest degree of its capability, and, without destroying its free and wild character, a variety and richness of vegetation is produced which enchants the eye. Gay shrubs and wild flowers, the softest turf and giant trees, festooned with creeping plants, fill the narrow glen through which the path winds, by the side of the clear, dancing brook, which, falling in little cataracts, flows on, sometimes hidden in the thickets, sometimes resting, like liquid silver, in an emerald cup, or rushing under overhanging arches of rock, which nature seems to have hung there as triumphal gates for the beneficent Naiad of the valley to pass through."¹

Here and there in its undulations through the wood, around the lake, in the valleys and the heights, there are sights simply grand and fascinating. And the matchless view on the Low Road, the "sylvan splendours" dipping down into the Liffey their varied and verdant

¹ Prince Muskain.

branches, as if refreshing themselves from the heat of the burning sun, or in one sweet embrace of woodland and water is captivating.

Since the time of King John this estate was the property of the Luttrells till it was sold by Lord Carhampton. King John donated it to Sir Geoffrey Luttrell.

In 1531 Sir Thomas Luttrell, of Luttrellstown, lawyer, received an annuity of twenty shillings with power of distraining, for his services to the prior of the Croisers, a monastic body founded in honour of the finding of the True Cross. In 1535 he was made sergeant-at-law and solicitor-general. The Croisers, or as they were called the Crutched Friars, had several foundations in England and Ireland. At the time of their dissolution they had thirteen houses. One was in Luttrellstown, another in Lucan, both of which, with others in different counties, Queen Elizabeth confiscated to Richard Netterville.

A remarkable man lived here in 1654. First a shoemaker, then a captain, then a colonel, he rose to some of the highest positions in the State. In this year he represented the County in Cromwell's parliament. Thus is he described in a political pamphlet of his time. "Colonel

Hewson, sometime an honest shoemaker or cobbler in London, went out a captain on account of the cause, fought on, and in time became a colonel ; did good service in England and Scotland, was made governor of Dublin, became one of the little parliament, and of all the parliaments since, a knight also of the new stamp, the world being so well *mended* with him, *and the sole so well stitched to the upper leather*, having gotten so considerable an interest and means, he may well be counted fit to be taken out of the house to be a lord, and to have a negative voice in the other house over all of the gentle craft and cordwainers' company in London, if they please. But though he be so considerable and of such merit in the Protector's, as also in his own esteem, not only to be a knight, but also to be a lord, yet it will hardly pass for current with the good people of these lands, it being so far beyond the *last*." He was one of the judges present at the death sentence of Charles I. Such was Colonel Hewson, the owner of Luttrellstown, the quondam London cobbler. His own turn came, for he was attainted in 1660, and his estate was confiscated. When Simon Luttrell was attainted in 1672 his widow received her

jointure out of the estate, and an estate tail was granted to Colonel Henry Luttrell.

During the siege of Limerick Sarsfield discovered the treachery and treason of Colonel Henry Luttrell. He carried on, while in the city, secret negotiations with Ginkell outside. He was liberated from the Castle of Limerick on the capitulation of the city. He was returning in 1717 from Lucas' coffee-house which stood where the Royal Exchange now stands on Cork-hill, Dublin. He was seated in a Sedan chair, and was going to his city residence in Stafford-street. It was on the night of the 1st of November. An assassin fell upon and murdered him and escaped. Several of his descendants were, according to O'Callaghan, a bad depraved lot. In the death of his grandson, John Luttrell Olmires, the male branch became extinct. He was Earl of Carhampton, and in his eighty-eighth year died in 1829. His elder brother, the second Earl of Carhampton, sold Luttrellstown. The name of Luttrell is now expunged, Woodlands having been substituted by its present proprietor, Lord Annally.

XVI.—DONOUGHMORE HOUSE, PALMERSTOWN,

NOW THE STEWART INSTITUTION FOR IMBECILES.

Lord Donoughmore, Lord Lieutenant of Tipperary, died in Palmerstown House on the night of Wednesday, 3rd July, 1856. He left three sons, one of whom was cornet to the 1st Life Guards. His eldest son, Lord Viscount Sundale, succeeded him in his title and estate. On the 21st of last December the Earl of Donoughmore, at the age of twenty-six, was married, in St. Michael's Church, Chester-square, to Miss Elena Grace. About a year ago he succeeded his father in his title. He was private secretary to the Governor of Hong Kong. Miss Grace's father, Mr. M. P. Grace, was Mayor of New York. The celebrated "Kid-glove Yeomanry" was organised by Lord Donoughmore's father. Sir Walter Hely Hutchinson, who, at the beginning of the war, was Governor of Natal, was his uncle. Lord North's sarcasm: "If you were to give him the whole of Great Britain and Ireland for an estate, he would ask for the Isle of Man for a potato garden," was directed to one of his

relatives, John Hely Hutchinson. The first Hely Hutchinson was a notorious place-hunter, and Provost of Trinity College. He was called to the Bar in 1748. On marrying an heiress he added the second name to his own. He purchased the pocket borough of Gainsborough for a seat in the Irish House of Commons.

DEAN SWIFT AND LUCAN BRIDGE.

Dean Swift, on reading an inscription on the bridge, wrote :—

Agmondesham Vesey, out of his bounty,
Built a fine bridge, at the cost of the county.

Lucan is so called because of its elm-wood ; it is the place of elms. There is still an elm-wood in the district. (leamcán = “ elm-growing place.”)

XVII.—VISITS OF HIS GRACE, THE MOST REV. DR. WALSH, ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN, TO LUCAN.

1. THE CONSECRATION OF A NEW BELL, 3RD NOVEMBER, 1889.

This was the first new bell consecrated by his Grace the Archbishop in the Diocese of Dublin. The ceremony was on 3rd November,

1889. Amongst those who were present were—The Right Rev. Monsignor Fitzpatrick, P.P., D.D., V.G., then President of Holy Cross College, Clonliffe; the Venerable Dean Walsh, P.P., V.G., Kingstown; Very Rev. R. Nagle, Chancellor of the Diocese of Massachusetts, Boston; Rev. M^r F. Flatley, Boston; Rev. J. J. Nulty, Boston; and the Right Rev. Dr. Browne, Bishop of Cloyne, the President of Maynooth College.

After the ceremony the following address was read to his Grace :—

“ MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,

“ With feelings of inexpressible joy, deepest reverence and sweetest affection, we, the clergy and people of Lucan, hail your Grace’s presence amongst us to-day. Your Grace’s untiring zeal in the promotion of Catholic interests commands universal admiration and love, and posterity must hold in everlasting remembrance the heroic and successful efforts you are making to eradicate for ever that religious intolerance which made our fathers suffer, and to fling open and for ever, to us their children, the portals of religious equality. We feel then, that while through the metropolitan diocese the interests

of religion are advancing with great speed, that while no work of charity is unaided by your golden counsel and practical co-operation, this part of the vineyard is also in bloom, and we, your not less devoted charge, are marching apace and onward under your divinely-appointed guidance. May the Lord God spare you to us, who so sorely need you, and grant you 'length of years' in the fulness of a long, bright, and glorious regime. May every sound of the new bell arouse in our hearts, and the hearts of succeeding generations, the kindest instincts of filial and grateful love, and when our bodies are laid low in the new cemetery made 'holy ground' by the functions of this memorable day, may our souls be filled above with the fruits of those saving graces, which you, our devoted father, our illustrious Archbishop, our noble protector, are momentarily dispensing to your loving and faithful children, the clergy and people of Lucan."

His Grace's reply :—

"FATHER DONEGAN AND PEOPLE OF LUCAN,

"I thank you most heartily for your kind words of welcome. I thank you no less heartily for having given me the opportunity of

performing the impressive ceremony, which was the chief occasion of my coming to Lucan to-day. Your address refers—I must say in language of somewhat unduly exaggerated grandeur—to my labours in this diocese. It will then, I dare say, surprise you, that this is the first time I have had the opportunity of performing this ceremony of the solemn blessing of a bell. There is scarcely another function of the office of bishop which I have not had occasion to perform—which I have not, indeed, frequently had occasion to perform—during the past four years. But it was reserved to your pious zeal to providing this new bell for your parish church—or, as I should rather have said, for the church of this district of your parish—it was reserved for you to give me my first opportunity, of performing this solemn ceremony. For this then, whilst commending in the first place your zeal and generosity, frequently displayed before, and displayed now once again, in this new gift of yours to the house of God, I owe you also for myself, these special words of personal thanks.

“ In tendering them to you, let me assure you, that in performing this ceremony to-day, for the first time, it has been a special pleasure to me to perform it here in Lucan. For more

than one reason I am glad of it ; glad that this church of yours should be associated in my memory, with one of those specially solemn occasions, which even in the life of a bishop, cannot be of very frequent occurrence. For in the beginning of my priesthood, and even before it, I was often here. During the years that I spent in the College of Maynooth, first as a student, and then for long afterwards as a priest, Lucan, as it happens, was one of the few districts of the diocese in which it was my privilege, from time to time, to take part in some sacred ceremony. This was so especially during the years—I was then but a student in the College—when this district was first blessed by the ministry of the present Parish Priest of Maynooth, Father Hunt, who was then the curate here. Perhaps it was, because in this and other ways, I knew more of this parish than I knew of many others, I frequently used to think, both then and afterwards, how richly blessed by God the people of Lucan were, and how deeply grateful they should feel to Him, as I trust they always have felt, for the great happiness that never seemed to fail them, of having their wants, both spiritual and temporal, so efficiently, so zealously provided for,

by the untiring labours of the priests, who, in succession one to another, have had charge of the church and district of Lucan, since I first knew it. Your good Parish Priest, who, I am sorry to say, has been prevented by a severe illness from being here to-day, I know feels deeply grateful for all this—grateful for the help that it has always brought to him, in lightening the burden of his responsibility for this outlying and distant portion of his parish. Your feelings of thankfulness will not, I trust, fall short of his.

“Just now, let me say it, you, the parishioners of Lucan, are an object of envy to many. We are about to enter upon a memorable year—a year that, if we are only true to ourselves, only faithful to the duty that we owe to Ireland and the Irish Church, will be looked back upon by the future children of the Irish race as a year most truly memorable in the annals both of our Church and of our nation. I am speaking to you now in reference to an event of which, no doubt, you must have heard something; indeed, I should be surprised if you had not heard a good deal about it from your present worthy and zealous curate, Father Donegan. I mean the festival

that all Ireland will be called upon to celebrate, with joy and with pride, on the 10th of next October—the centenary, as it is called, that is to say, the hundredth anniversary, of the birth of our great Irish Apostle of Temperance, Father Mathew. At this present time our people are engaged in more than one great work of national importance. These are important, vitally important, all of them. But of them all I know of none that can claim to surpass in importance the great work of preparing for the worthy and suitable celebration of the great day that is before us. When I speak of a worthy and suitable celebration of the coming festival, you know very well that I do not mean to speak of the mere glory and splendour of a passing pageant, with processions, and bands and banners, and meetings, and possibly banquets, to bring the day to a close. We are singularly good at that sort of thing in Ireland, and, no doubt, it is all good and excellent in its way. But in this matter of temperance it is not all that we want just now. We want, first of all, to make the Irish people sober; we want to make them what the fellow-countrymen of Father Mathew ought to be, and ought to glory in being—not only sober and temperate

themselves, but models of sobriety and temperance to the people of other nations.

“Many of us remember a great celebration in Ireland, now fourteen years ago. It was the centenary, the hundredth anniversary, of the birth of the great champion of the liberties of our country, Daniel O’Connell. That was a very joyous celebration. Not only Catholics, but many of our Protestant friends as well, took part in it. Yet it was a celebration in which some, at least, of our countrymen did not feel themselves called upon to take part, and in some instances did not even feel themselves free to do so. There will, please God, be no such drawback in the celebration of the coming centenary of Father Mathew. Upon the merits of the great political charge, which was the chief object of the public life of O’Connell, there was, even amongst Irishmen, and to some extent, indeed, even amongst Catholics, differences of opinion and of sympathy. But, surely, amongst Irishmen, no matter what may be their political party, no matter what may be the religious creed that they profess, there can be no difference of opinion or of sentiment as to the merits of the great moral reform, the accomplishment of

which was the great, the sole object of that public life of Father Mathew. Father Mathew, whilst always in sympathy, as we know, with the work of O'Connell, kept steadfastly, all the time, to his own work in another sphere. But these two great Irishmen worked on, each upon his own line, each keeping his own object in view, but always in the knowledge that the work of each was helping on the work of the other.

“This reference to the relations between O'Connell and Father Mathew, and between the labours of the two, reminds me, by the way of contrast of a strange expression—I do not know whether any of you may have met with it—I have seen it sometimes in the newspapers—a strange saying attributed to a famous orator in Parliament, one of the bishops, if I am not mistaken—I mean, of course, one of the English Protestant bishops—in the House of Lords:—‘England free, rather than England sober.’ There was, under discussion, it would seem, some Bill by which it was sought in some way to check the ravages of drink in England, and this prelate was opposed to its passing. There would, of course, have been nothing strange in his

opposing it if he went upon the principle that the proposed measure was not likely to be effective for its purpose. It was, I think, a Sunday-Closing Bill, or some such proposal; and we all know, that on particular measures of the kind, on the question of the efficiency of some particular measure, as a means of promoting the observance of temperance, the views of some sincerely zealous workers in the cause of Temperance are not always in accord with the views of others. But, according to the reports that I have happened to see, this prelate of whom I am speaking did not oppose the Bill, merely on the ground that he could not regard it as likely to help on the work of Temperance among the English people. No! he took altogether different ground. He objected to all such legislation. For every law puts some restriction upon freedom. And for his part, he said, he would rather see England free than England sober. It seemed a strange thing for any responsible man to say, strange, especially, for one holding the office of bishop. Freedom, whether in nations or in individuals, is a priceless treasure. You know what the Pope, his present Holiness, has said of it in the great Encyclical Letter which

he addressed last year upon this subject to the whole Catholic Church. In the very opening words of that letter, speaking of freedom, he describes it as 'the foremost, the most excellent of all the natural gifts of man.' But freedom, such as the English prelate is said to have claimed for the people of England—freedom to get drunk—especially when that freedom has been abused to such an extent that it had reached the dimensions of a national reproach—that is hardly the sort of freedom that anyone should wish to see upheld amongst a people for whom he entertained a feeling of respect—not to say of esteem or affection. Was it not a sad contrast to set forward, a sad restriction of choice : on the one hand England free, and on the other hand England sober ?

“ We may be sure that to neither of the two great Irishmen of whom I have been speaking—Father Mathew and O’Connell—to neither of these two would it ever have occurred that, in reference to their fellow-countrymen, could such things be put in contrast. On the contrary they both knew well that the sobriety of our people would give the best promise of the freedom of that people, and that from a

sober Ireland to a free Ireland the distance remaining to be traversed would be short indeed. Instead of opposition, then, there was harmony, there was mutual help. O'Connell working in the way that seemed best to him to bring about the freedom of his country, and Father Mathew labouring with no less energy and zeal to enable the edifice of freedom to be raised upon a foundation both deep and solid, by making the people of Ireland a sober and temperate people.

“Now as we are to celebrate next year the centenary of Father Mathew's birth, it will, I trust, be found that we have done beforehand, and in good time, the work of preparation for it, without which the celebration will be but a passing show. A statue, as a matter of course, will be erected in some public place in Dublin. It will stand there as a monument to remind future generations of Irishmen of the great work that was accomplished in their country in the ten or twelve last years of the first half of this century, by the energy, the devotion, the personal, and at times, almost singlehanded, labours of one zealous priest. But if the erection of a statue in our streets were to be the sole, or even the chief work of the coming

celebration, I, for one, as I have already publicly declared, should have no part whatever in a proceeding that I could look upon only as a piece of childish folly. If we are to have a statue erected in Father Mathew's honour, let us, first of all, before the day on which that statue is to be unveiled, take what steps we can to secure that it is not to confront us as a standing reproach. A reproach it must be, if it is to stand there amongst a people who have turned aside in indifference, if not in contempt, from the path into which it was the mission of his life to lead them. If we are to have a statue, as of course we are, let us do all that lies in our power to guard it from the profanation of looking down upon the drunkard reeling along the street in which it stands.

“ Father Mathew's work has many lessons for us. It must serve as an encouragement. It may also serve as a warning. The success that he attained was in many ways a striking one. But we must not forget that it was but transient. We must look, then, well into the causes of its temporary failure. We cannot hope to have in undertaking the renewal of his work some of those advantages which led

him so rapidly forward on the path of success. There is, then, all the greater reason for our looking carefully before, examining every winding of that path, every obstacle that we must expect to meet with in it, endeavouring to forecast the future in the strong light that is thrown upon it by the chequered experience of the past. We must not aim at making a merely brilliant success. Whatever we may hope our success to be, it must be our great aim to make it lasting ; and lasting it cannot be, amongst our Catholic people, unless we place it upon the solid foundation which religion and a religious organization, an organization blessed and enriched by the favour of the Holy See, alone can supply. I may say to you now, that I have already given much thought to the subject of an organization such as I describe.

“ I am encouraged to proceed in the work by the earnest and, I must add, enthusiastic support that I have received from many whom I have consulted of my venerated brethren in the Episcopacy of Ireland. I do not feel myself free as yet to speak upon the matters in detail. But this, at all events, I may say to you—that, if we are to succeed, it

must from the very outset be our aim, sooner or later, to bring into the ranks every Irish Catholic who does not wish to have it thought of him that he makes light of the law of God, or that he makes light of the obligations which that law imposes upon every child of Adam, first, to keep clear of drunkenness and of the occasions that lead to drunkenness; secondly, to practise the virtue of temperance, and so to adopt those means without which the observance of that virtue cannot but fail; and in fine not to rest satisfied merely with the personal observance of these things, but to secure by every reasonable means, and as far as may be, the observance of them by others.

“It will, I should trust, be the desire of every Catholic Irishman, of every Irish Catholic woman, of every Irish Catholic child, to be privileged to take some part in the national rejoicing on Father Mathew’s centenary feast. I should wish to feel that here in Dublin, at all events, when the 10th of next October comes round, we shall find all who are willing to take part in that celebration already enrolled, in some capacity or other, in the ranks of the organization that, under God’s

blessing and the blessing of the Holy See, may yet be destined to make the fruits of Father Mathew's labours not only universal, or all but universal, in Ireland, but also, what is far more important, to make the fruits of those labours permanently enduring amongst our people.

"All this may seem to you a project too vast to be proposed with any hope of realisation. But I will ask you to-day, as, when the proper time comes, I will ask the people of each locality in this diocese, to look at it, not as they may think it concerns others, but only as it concerns themselves. I ask you, then, the people of Lucan, to consider whether the work is not possible here. No great work can be taken in hand, with any prospect of success, unless it is taken in hand, as we may say, piecemeal, bit by bit. The people of each parish, the people of each district of a parish, must look at home; they must think only of themselves. Let the work be done in each district, and it will be done throughout the parish; let it be done in each parish, and it will be done throughout the diocese; let it be done in each diocese—that is to say, in each diocese where there is nothing better to be

found—and then we shall have reached the end at which we aim ; for our organization, or something better than it, will be found from north to south, from east to west, throughout the length and breadth of Ireland.

“Well, now, one other point before I conclude what I have to say. When shall we begin? There may be some enthusiastic spirits who may say :— ‘ Why should a day even be let slip? Why not begin at once?’ But we have to depend under God’s Providence, not upon enthusiasm, but upon calm, deliberate, steady work. We are bound to see that when we make the start, it shall be a good one. It would be a mockery and a profanation to ask God’s blessing on a work such as this without first making use of every human means at our disposal to ensure success. I mean, then, to wait for some little time yet ; to wait, in fact, until the work can be begun on the day most suitable for beginning it—next Passion Sunday—the anniversary, as you know, of the dedication of your parish, of this diocese, and of Ireland, to the Sacred Heart of our Lord. A work begun on such a day, if we but begin it in the proper spirit, if we are faithful to the grace which that beginning will surely bring

upon it, cannot but be rich in blessings, and, under God's blessings, cannot fail to do for us what yet remains to be done, to enable us to look forward without shame and without misgiving to the part that we, the Catholics of this diocese of Dublin, will be called upon to take in celebrating the centenary feast of Father Mathew.

“ Before I leave you I wish to give you my blessing now that you are kneeling before me to receive it, I will ask you whenever, for the next few months, you hear the sound of this new bell that has been blessed to-day, and especially when you hear it calling you to Mass, Sunday after Sunday, let it remind you of what I have said to you here to-day. Then, please God, when the day comes that I have told you of, you will be prepared, all of you, to take up the work that lies before you.

The Archbishop's words bore great fruit in Lucan. On the lines laid down by His Grace there sprang forth a splendid organization which still flourishes in the district, and through it the most sanguine hopes of His Grace, have been realised in every home. The new bell still chimes forth, and in response, the faithful

seem alive to the soul-stirring words of his beautiful and historical address to them. What a change! In the old dark days there was a tumult amongst the non-Catholics of Lucan at the sound of the chapel bell. They resolved that the bell should come down, but an amendment was carried that as the bell was so faint in its tinkling, it should be tolerated. On the occasion of this visit of His Grace, many of the most respected Protestants of the district were present, and they were unanimous in praise of the beautiful new bell, and in their praise of the efficiency of Mr. Matthew Byrne, of James's-street, from whose famous foundry it came.

THE NEW CEMETERY, 11TH MAY, 1890.

After the Consecration of the Cemetery the Very Rev. Father Moore, P.P., read the following address to His Grace :—

“ From the Lucan Branch of the New National Temperance Organization to His Grace the Most Reverend Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin, Primate of Ireland.

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,

"We, the Members of the Lucan Branch of the New National Temperance Organization, welcome your Grace amongst us with feelings of sincere affection, reverence, and delight. We venture to give emphatic utterance to these feelings, intensified by the consciousness, that deep, indeed, must be for us your personal concern, which gives us the privilege of sharing in the solemn ceremony of to-day, notwithstanding the arduous and incessant labours of your already illustrious episcopate. Significant ceremony! which consecrates the lowly beds of earth, in which after life's day has sunk into the night 'when no man can work,' our bodies shall lie, and from which they shall rise on the Great Accounting Day.

"But the hour of another resurrection is at hand. On the occasion of your Grace's last memorable visit to Lucan, its first light began to dawn with the first notes of our new bell—the first consecrated by your Grace—your words of promise were heard ringing throughout the land. Your Grace witnesses to-day their fulfilment. In unfurling the banner of Temperance, nobly did your Lordship touch the spring of Ireland's hope, salvation, and

glory. The heart of Ireland leaped with exultation at the bidding of your Grace, and we are proved your loyal children. We are alive to the sense of our duty—the duty of the hour—in one of the greatest movements of our time.

“‘I have always said,’ spoke, in last November, one of England’s greatest orators, one of Ireland’s greatest friend, ‘that the Temperance movement in this country is the greatest movement, the most far-reaching and deep-seated movement since the great anti-slavery time.’ And in the establishment of that movement on a religious, national, and permanent basis, your Grace has not only fixed in the niche of imperishable fame, the name of a ‘great priest,’ Theobald Mathew, but crowned your own life with the noblest of deeds, the Church with the loveliest of offerings, our country and posterity with the most solemn and solid guarantee of peace, prosperity, and independence.”

THE ARCHBISHOP’S REPLY.

“Father Moore, Father Donegan, rev. and dear friends, I must thank you for speaking

as you do of my last visit to Lucan six months ago. I am glad to know that it is associated in your memories, in any degree, with the origin and growth of that great organization, our Temperance movement, which even already has taken its place amongst the most solidly-established religious institutions of our country. It was here at Lucan, on the occasion of that visit, that I first spoke in public of my desire to have the Temperance movement of Father Mathew's centenary year put before the people—at all events of this diocese—as a religious movement. From the time that I first turned my thoughts to the subject it seemed to me that the Passion Sunday of this year, the anniversary of the consecration of this diocese, and of all the dioceses of Ireland, to the Sacred Heart of our Lord, would be the most fitting day to take the first step in the great work. If I am not mistaken, it was when speaking to you here, last November, that I first suggested, or, at all events, that I first suggested in public, that the anniversary of that consecration would be the best of all possible days for the formal beginning of such a work amongst us. Well, Passion Sunday came round, and when it came

I had the happiness of feeling that the success of the work was already, in great measure, assured; for on that day I had the privilege of bringing with me into the pulpit of the Pro-Cathedral, Marlborough-street, a Pastoral Letter—a letter which on that same day was read from the pulpit or from the altar of every church, not of this diocese only, but of all the dioceses of this ecclesiastical province; a letter in which the Bishops of these dioceses—the Archbishop, that is to say, myself, and other Bishops of the province—spoke with one united voice, and with all the weight of our united pastoral authority, to all our priests and people, commending this work to their adoption. We spoke with confidence. Has that confidence been misplaced? Has it, not, indeed, been more than justified by all that has since been done in response, in hearty, enthusiastic response, to our appeal? You know as well as we do that it has been. For this great work has been done in your midst. It has been done, your own part of it, by yourselves. You may remember something of what I said to you when I last spoke to you here about it. I told you not to be disheartened or deterred by any thought of the vastness of the work

that lay before us to be done. I told you that widespread as the sphere of that work was, yet wherever the work lay to be done, there the workers were also to be found. The work, no doubt, is a national work. The field in which it lies spreads out north and south, east and west, through the length and breadth of Ireland. But, as I reminded you, all Ireland is mapped out into so many dioceses, and every diocese into so many parishes, and every parish is made up of its own small districts. Let every parish, then, every district of a parish, do its own small share of the great work by doing simply its own work within its own borders, as you have done it here, and the victory is won all along the line. Here, you see, is one great advantage of starting such a work as this on the lines of a religious and ecclesiastical organization.

“ But there is another, and in many ways, a greater advantage. For years past we have had individual effort in abundance. Father Donegan here, was working away, zealously, indefatigably, in one place. Other priests were working away, zealously, indefatigably, elsewhere. But, just as in Father Mathew’s time, the work that was done in this way,

great and fruitful in good as it was, was the work rather of individuals than of the Church. And so it became quite plain to me and to others that if something were not done to take up the work in the name of the Church, this work of our day would, in time, in great measure die out with the good priests whose work it was. We had an example and a warning before our eyes—the example of that great national work of Father Mathew, which, in such large measure, unhappily died out with him, our great Apostle of Temperance, to whom it owed its origin, and I may say, all its success.

“I hope that what I have now said of Father Mathew’s great movement will not be found fault with by anyone. I trust, too, that it will not give pain to anyone. There are still living amongst us—I dare say there are some here in Lucan as elsewhere—faithful followers of that great priest, that glory, as we may well call him, of our Irish priesthood, and of our Irish race. There are still amongst us some of those faithful veterans of that first great crusade against intemperance. For some of them, it is half a century since they took the pledge—Father Mathew’s pledge

from Father Mathew himself. They took it fifty years ago, and they have kept it faithfully ever since. They are proud of that. They have reason to be proud of it. They have reason also to give thanks for it to God through Whose grace, as they must always remember, they have kept faithful to their promise, through all the temptations to be unfaithful to it that these fifty years must have brought. But, proud as they may be of all this, grateful as they may, and must be for it to Almighty God, they cannot shut their eyes to the fact that the mighty army enrolled by Father Mathew for the capture and final overthrow of the one stronghold of the devil in Ireland, almost melted away when he, its great captain, was taken from its head. How sadly the hopes then raised ended in disappointment none can know so well as they who themselves shared in those hopes, forty or fifty years ago, they, who, themselves, had a part in that great movement, when, taken up, as it was, with fiery enthusiasm by our people, it was carried onward in triumph from end to end of Ireland.

“That movement, then, as a great national movement, came speedily to an end. But, thank God, it did not altogether die out. The

presence amongst us of those veterans of Father Mathew's grand army of total abstainers is the evidence of this. I have always felt that so long as they were amongst us, there was a hope, and a strong hope, for the future of the work of Temperance in Ireland. They have kept the old flag flying through years of depression, when any man might well have given up hope. But they kept their hope and trust unshaken. The events of the last few weeks and months have come at length to cheer them. But whilst those events came upon many others as a pleasing and altogether unlooked for surprise, I have no doubt that to Father Mathew's faithful veterans they came as the fulfilment of a hope that had never wavered. We must make it a main point to secure that hope against such another trial.

"In this new movement, then, we must aim almost first of all, at making the work permanent. To succeed in this we have many things to avoid, and many things to do. But it has seemed to us, your Bishops, that the first essential element of permanence in any such work as this in Ireland must be its close connection with the organization and with the work of the Church. Henceforward, then, it

will not depend, here or there, upon the energy or the zeal of any one priest, however zealous, however energetic, he may be. Moreover, so far at least as regards the dioceses of this ecclesiastical province, it will not depend on the zeal or the energy of any one Bishop. The work has now been made part and parcel of the work of the Church herself in these dioceses. Through the agency of an ecclesiastical synod it will soon, please God, be placed upon a footing here as solid as the canon law of the Church and the blessing and authority of the Holy See can give it. And as we, the present Bishops of these dioceses, die off, one by one, those who come after us will not be left in doubt or anxiety, as I, for instance, was for the last five years, besieged and bewildered by counsellors, everyone of them bringing his own counsel and making scorn of the counsels of all the rest. No. The organization will be there all the time, working on steadily, without a break, under the blessing of the Holy See. Each new Bishop when he comes to the diocese will have for his guidance the advice, not of amateur counsellors, but of his brethren and fellow-workers in the episcopacy. In this way, then, so far, at least, as human

effort, working on the lines of ecclesiastical unity, can effect our object, we have provided for that second great quality, which should distinguish such a work as this, by making it durable as well as widespread.

“ Now, as I have spoken of Father Mathew, there is a matter I must not omit to mention. For some time past a committee has been at work in Dublin endeavouring to raise funds to erect a statue in honour of Father Mathew, to perpetuate his memory and the memory of his work. When the project of a memorial statue was first put before the public, several months ago, I thought it my duty to speak out my mind very plainly as to what seemed to me to be a danger to be guarded against. We had reached a point that manifestly was a critical one in the progress of the work of Temperance in Ireland. The centenary, the hundredth anniversary of Father Mathew's birth, was to be celebrated this year; and I could conceive no form of celebration worthy of so great an occasion but that of an earnest and united effort of our people to root out from Ireland the gigantic evil, in warring against which Father Mathew's life was spent. I was afraid, I confess, that if men's thoughts

were turned, in the first instance, to the raising of a statue, the real work of the year—the establishment of a great Temperance organization, durable and widespread—might be neglected, or that, if it were not neglected, it might come to be looked upon as having but a secondary place in the work of the year.

“I subscribed, of course, myself to the raising of the statue. But, as I put it to you here in Lucan when I was last with you, I wished, at the same time, to do what I could to arouse public opinion to a sense of the mockery that would be presented by the spectacle of a statue of the great Apostle of Temperance standing in some public place in our city, whilst no serious effort was made to guard it from the profanation of the drunkard reeling along the street in which it stood. Some words of mine, some things that I said, and some things that I wrote, have had, I am told, the effect of checking, in some degree, the ready flow of subscriptions that would otherwise have come in. Why there should have been a moment’s hesitation about it I cannot conceive. Nor can I conceive how we can have a worthy celebration of Fr. Mathew’s centenary festival in Dublin, next October, if the unveiling of a

statue to his memory is not a leading feature of the work of the eventful day.

“I am told that the sum needed is £1,000. That, surely, should not be too large a sum to raise, even within a month or two, for a work like this. For, remember, it is a work in which no difference of religion or of party politics can arise. The Protestant Archbishop, Lord Plunket, has subscribed to it, as I have. Moreover, on the list of subscribers, you will find the name of the Lord Lieutenant, the representative of the Crown, and chief official head of the Tory party in this country, side by side with the name of the Nationalist Lord Mayor of Dublin. With these solid foundations of united action laid, what difficulty can there be of having £1,000 or more, within a month or two? But for one consideration I would take this work in hand myself, and I would carry it to completion by a penny-a-month subscription from the members of our new Catholic temperance organization within this diocese alone. But I should far prefer to see the statue raised by the united effort of all classes of our people. It is not often that we get in this country a chance of working together in thorough unity of spirit for a

common end. When an opportunity of doing this presents itself, I, for one, will not be a party to throwing it away.

“ Now, to make this matter practical, I will tell you what you can do. I know that what I say to you will be in the newspapers to-morrow, and I hope it will be taken as a friendly suggestion of mine, not to you alone, but to all who are in a position to take part, even a small part, in this great work. I have told that the sum still wanted is about £1,000. Now £1,000 means 20,000 shillings. I believe 25,000 shillings would fully cover all that is required. Well, an energetic worker in the cause, a Mr. Carty, of Grafton-street, Dublin, has written to the newspapers suggesting a shilling subscription as the best and readiest way of raising the sum that is required. It seems to me that Mr. Carty is right. I do not know the gentleman personally. But I mean to help him in this practical work. I mean to send him twenty shillings this evening. Some others, I have no doubt, will follow my example. Very many others, who cannot afford twenty shillings, will be able, at all events, to send him one. And if this suggestion of mine be taken up, as I think it ought

to be, and as I trust it will be, the Father Mathew Centenary Celebration Committee will not be long in want of £1,000.

“And now, before I give you my blessing, let me offer you a word of congratulation on the beauty and solemnity of the ceremony, the blessing of your new cemetery, here to-day. All the ceremonies prescribed by the Church for such an occasion were carried out in a degree of perfection that could not have been surpassed in Rome itself. The impressive procession of the parishioners from the church to the cemetery was worthy, in its simple beauty, of the most Catholic parts of Germany. That procession was, in my eyes, one of the most pleasing features of the great ceremonial of the day. I trust that none of you who took part in it—and you all took part in it—will ever forget it, or ever forget that you were indebted for it to the kindness of Mr. Shackleton, who so good-naturedly threw his fields open to you for this purpose. I was going to ask you to give him a cheer, but you have anticipated my wishes and given him three cheers. He deserves them. That act of his was a kind and neighbourly act. I take it upon myself to thank him here publicly in

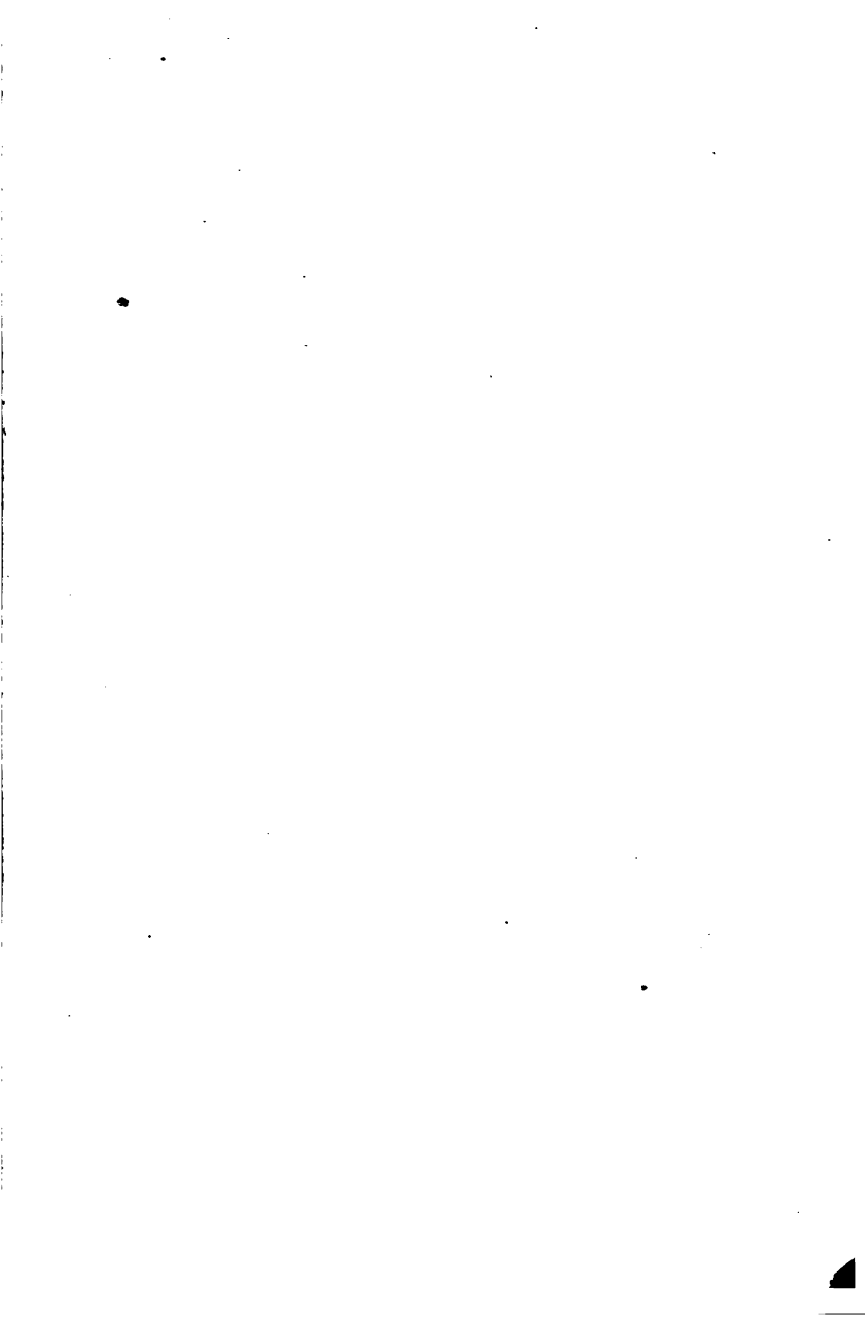
your name, and to thank him also for that other kind and neighbourly act of his—in coming to meet us as he did at the entrance of the new cemetery before the beginning of the religious ceremonies of the day. You see that Mr. Shackleton, though he has not learned our Catholic Catechism, has given practical proof that he knows, at all events, one of the answers that we all have learned from it, when it tells us that by ‘our neighbour’ is meant, in the Christian law, mankind of every description, without any exception of those who differ from us in religion.”

The large assembly present then knelt down, and the Archbishop administered the episcopal blessing. As his Grace was leaving the platform he was cheered most enthusiastically by the people.

The last visit of his Grace to Lucan was in connection with the new National Convent Schools, when he subscribed the munificent sum of £100. His important and historical pronouncements, his paternal solicitude for the people, will never be forgotten in Lucan. The strong, fervent faith of its people is widely acknowledged, and no wonder; for if Youghal and Lourdes have their shrines dedicated to

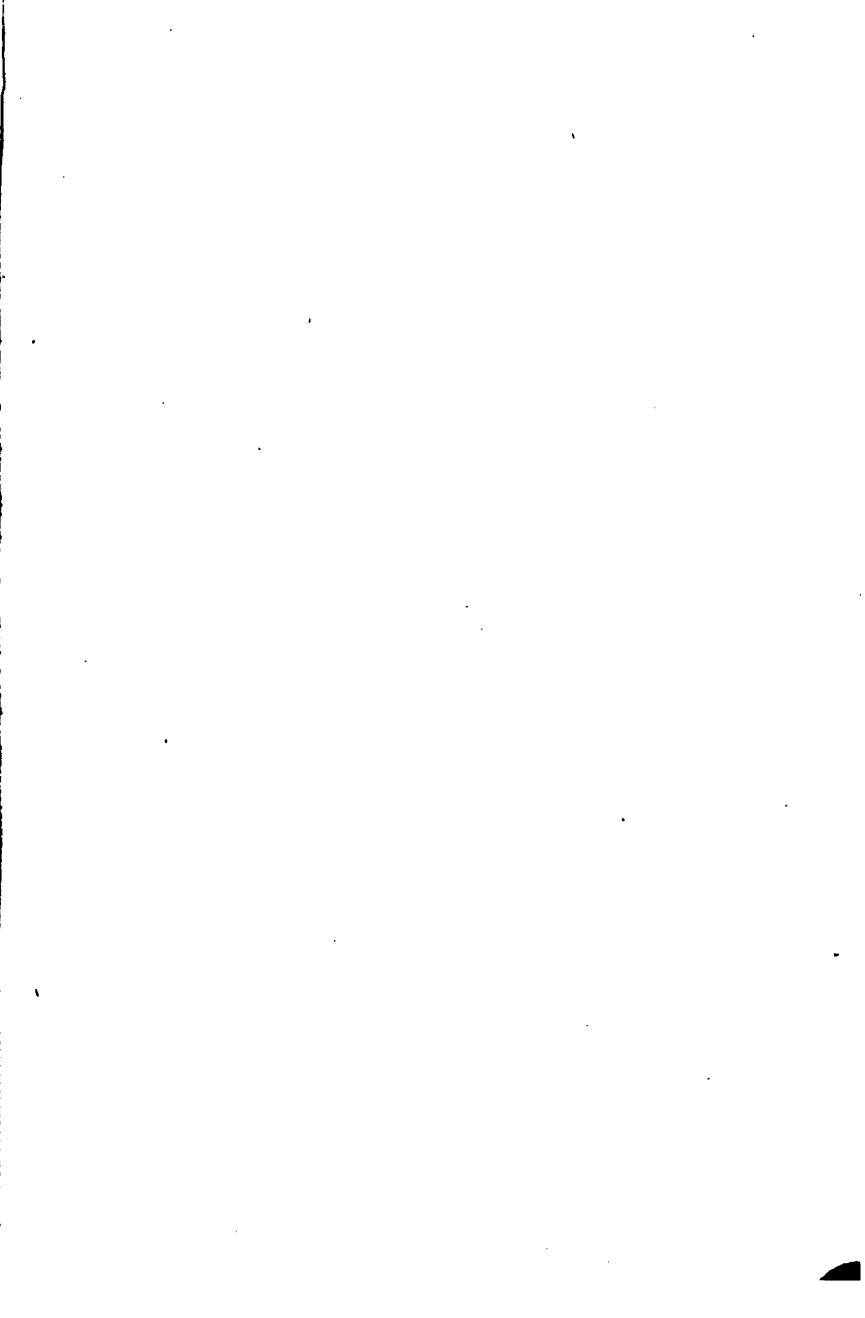
the Mother of the Redeemer, so has Lucan, whose parochial church in the far-off centuries, as it is now, was dedicated to her. May "the Blessed Virgin Mary of Lucan" still guard and save it, from generation to generation !

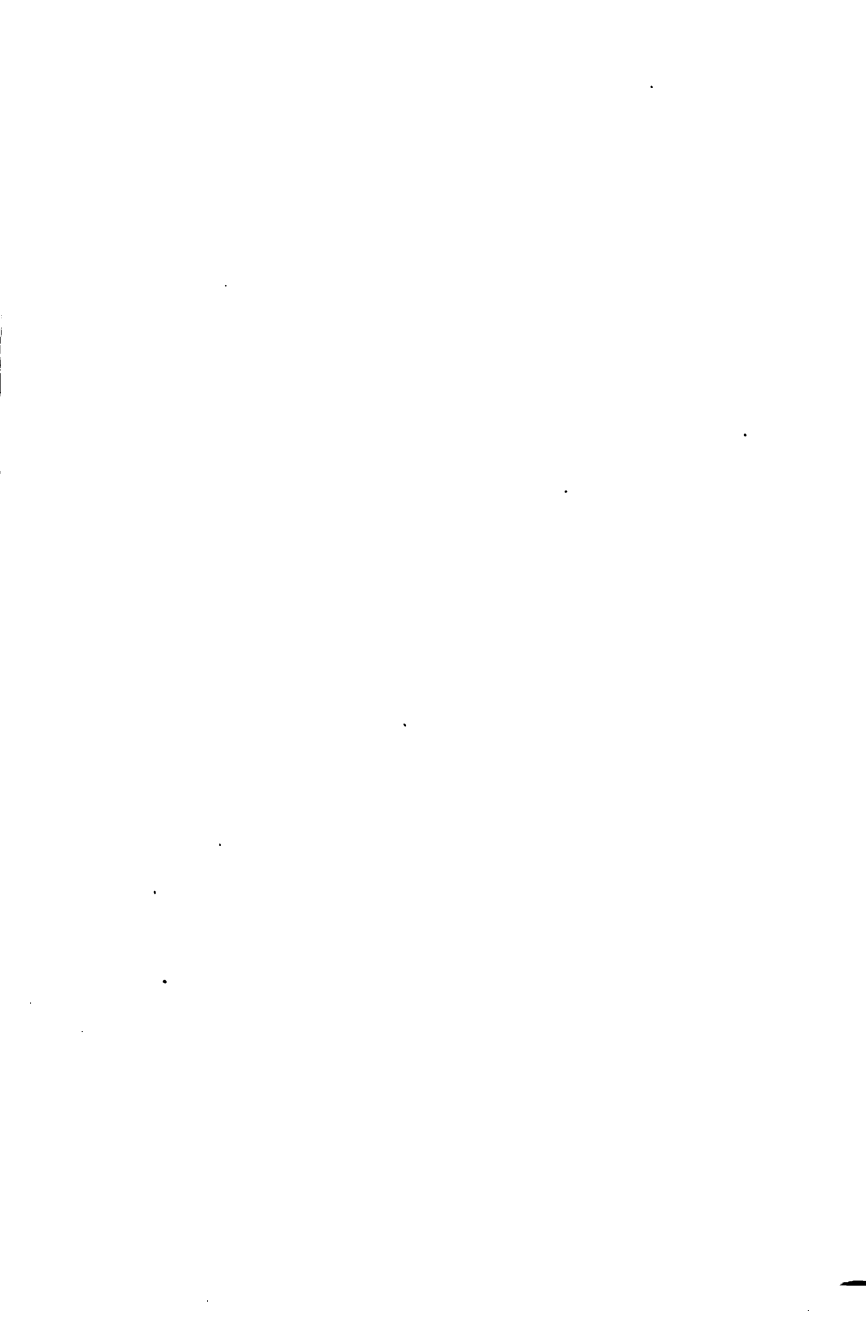
Some of the oldest parishioners say that they took the pledge from Father Mathew in the present church of Lucan, when it was but partially built and before the roof was slated. They glory, as the Archbishop said, in having kept it, and in being veterans of the old guard. They also state that Colonel White (Lord Annally) laid the foundation of the church in the beginning of the last half century. It is to be hoped that his lordship will substantially commemorate its golden jubilee.













AUG 14 1945

